This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

WORKFELLOWS
IN
SOCIAL PROGRESSION

KATE STEPHENS

20 1. Sociology - Essays
2. Essays ( )

Stephens

N.B.Q.

WORKFELLOWS
IN SOCIAL PROGRESSION

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE GREEK SPIRIT
12mo cloth, $1.50

PILLARS OF SMOKE
12mo cloth, $1.25

STORIES FROM OLD CHRONICLES
12mo illustrated, $1.50

AMERICAN THUMB-PRINTS
12mo cloth, $1.50

THE MASTERING OF MEXICO
12mo cloth, $1.50

WORKFELLOWS IN SOCIAL PROGRESSION

BY
KATE STEPHENS

Ἔργον δ' οὐδὲν ὄνειδος,
ἀεργίη δέ τ' ὄνειδος.
—HESIOD

Work is no blame,
But lack of work a shame.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

New York
STURGIS & WALTON COMPANY
1916

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
782961
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1917

COPYRIGHT, 1916
BY STURGIS & WALTON COMPANY

Set up and electrotyped. Published, October, 1916.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

CONTENTS

PAGE

PROLOGUE: IS THERE SOCIAL PROGRESSION? . . 3

OUR COUNTRY NEWSPAPER: THE GENESIS OF ITS SPIRIT 19

FOREBUNNERS OF WOMEN'S COLLEGIATE EDUCATION: AND MARY ASTELL 83

USES AND ABUSES OF TWO ENGLISH WORDS: *Female; Woman* 171

PLATO'S IMPERISHABLE EPIGRAM: AND ITS TRAIL OF LIGHT 217

FABLES OF BRONZE AND IRON AGES: OF TO-DAY 241

"TOBACCO BATTERED AND PIPES SHATTERED ABOUT THEIR EARS THAT IDLY IDOLIZE SO BASE A WEED"; BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER, PURITAN 287

PROLOGUE: IS THERE SOCIAL PROGRESSION?

The odd thing is that in spite, or perhaps by virtue, of his absurdities man moves steadily upwards; the more we learn of his past history the more groundless does the old theory of his degeneracy prove to be. From false premises he often arrives at sound conclusions: from a chimerical theory he deduces a salutary practice.

Preface to "Psyche's Task"
J. G. FRAZER.

The study of history seems to me, of all others, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue. . . .

I think that history is philosophy teaching by example.

"Of the Study of History"
BOLINGBROKE.

All our hopes of the future depend on a sound understanding of the past.

"The Meaning of History"
FREDERIC HARRISON.

O for the centuries to be,
Of beauty and simplicity,
When wisdom, truth, and love shall reign,
And science slay disease and pain.

When all the nations shall be blent
Into one loving parliament,
When wars are done, and earth shall be
One peaceful, happy family.

"The Gates of Silence"
ROBERT LOVEMAN.

PROLOGUE: IS THERE SOCIAL PROGRESSION?

"We are about where the ancients were," said a noted critic of life and letters—neighbor at Harvard University of men who delighted to tell of evolution from the "first appearance of rudimentary nerve systems in creatures as low as star-fishes up to the most abstruse and complex operations of human intelligence." "We are about where the ancients were," this critic said to me one day, "not advanced, surely. Their writers are not approached by any to-day. I do not see evolution. In time recorded by human writing men have not changed. Minds are no closer in grasp nor deeper in penetration."

"Look at the old-time Greeks," spoke up another conservative. "Where do you find a better mirror of the woe and

passion of man than the Iliad?—where so complete a consciousness of the moral law as Sophocles' drama?—what so saturated with knowledge of human nature as Euripides' plays?—our politicians, do they build as framers of Greek constitutions and workers for the perfection of Greek city-states built?—do artists put before us such beauty as Pheidias and his fellows blazoned in Athens?

"What product of to-day is equal to that of the mighty minds of old?" continued the conservatives, "when loftier works interpreted alike populace and thinker; when the Parthenon rose through race enthusiasm, race religion and race taste; when the pan-Athenaic, folk-festival, meant all Greeks of the city of the Golden Grasshopper; when the Greek commoner, conserving a corporate ideal, sensible of the values of his folk legend and preservative of his forefathers' bequest, found himself embodied in his religion, his ethics, his art, his poli-

tics; when, in fact, what he thought and did impelled to great embodiments.

"Consider works of the Latin people," the conservatives went on, "the Romans, whose calmer minds wrote down what life was telling before their eyes, until the 'Consolations' of Boethius rounded into ten centuries the productiveness of a war-intoxicated race. Since men set down their reflections on papyrus and parchment, human capacities have grown no stronger, no clearer, nor have thought and action become more directive."

"This may be true of the individual mind," answers to-day's radical. "But if we have no master-minds in art and state-craft, no peaks rising to the æther of unapproached ideal, still general social conditions prove evolution. Men and their activities are knit closer. Sympathy is more universalized; feeling more collective. Democratizing society has allowed play of men's social instinct,

or turned their impulses into broader, more rational channels, and pronounced against inefficacious, ephemeral, self-destructive individualism. Round the earth people are living on a higher plane. The social will may not yet have become sufficiently conscious and compelling to give us heights towering above the plane. Greece was a tiny group held together by spiritual qualities, and, in what she was not reversive, a prophet for nations to follow. The world is not yet a purged Hellas which it will become.

"Human life averages higher than in the days of Plato; and doubtless chances of recession are less. Bread, and circus and human torture do not assuage now-a-days, as they once pacified proletarians of imperial Rome—a people degenerated by militarism and economic conditions it produces, and doomed by oriental in-pourings either to eviction from lands they had owned and cultivated to a city-life of dependence on odd-jobbing and

charity, or to stay by their lands and become serfs. The ribald jokes of that old city's populace in the years of its imperial glory, the people's floating stories reported by satirists, would not in our day be endured. For the soul of the people is higher. And as to conditions in ancient Greece—let us not forget that in Athens, and elsewhere, much of the drudgery and benumbing work was done by slaves.

"The measureless work of the world," continues our radical, "and in saying this we do not speak of the devastation of war, the appalling destructiveness by which the science of war is now impoverishing mankind, but of the quenchless pain of the real work of the world—the digging of earth; cutting and construction of stone and moulding and building of metals; traffic of men and travel to and fro; raising of crops, cleansing of habitations; feeding and clothing human bodies—such daily reparative routines

still burden the race's will, healthily at times, and yet more often leaving neither strength nor freedom for the mind's nimble service. Our science, you know, declares fatigue a toxin that kills brain activity. Repetitious drudgeries dwarf the soul of the people, we say, by deadening initiative, constructive effort. They darken morals, also, for what Aristotle wrote is true of all time, 'A man's constitution should be inured to labor, but not to excessive labor, nor of one kind only. He should be capable of all the acts of a freeman.'

" 'Wings unfurled sleep in the worm.' Certain species of lepidoptera split and cast many a skin in passing from early larval life—before they reach the conspicuous beauty of

> 'the membraned wings,
> So wonderful, so wide,
> So sun-suffused, . . . things
> Like soul, and nought beside.'

By some such process—a crude simile, I admit, but let it pass—by some such way men's associated life may be moving, in the pain of its creeping towards psychic freedom sloughing off characteristics undesirable and destructive for human living, and putting in their stead characteristics better fitted for brotherhood.

"Or, this merged individuality, this social will, may be likened to a glacier, pushing onward, crushing, grinding, pulverizing with limitless pain; but as it moves clarifying and cooling and giving off living waters. Still, in the on-shoving centuries, even when stunted by wars and exhausting labors, it is learning the truth with more and more certainty, becoming more and more conscious of right and practice of justice. What Wallace called the cumulative effects of the acquisition of knowledge does intermittingly develop, and then a general advance astounds generations and gives

an age of marked characteristics and marked social progress.

"Inheriting civilizations of centuries, we are not merely what Sir William Temple, about the year 1690, called us—we modern dwarfs, standing on a giant's, the ancients', shoulders, thus seeing more and farther than he. William Wotton hits nearer the truth: 'Comparatively speaking the extent of knowledge is at this time vastly greater than it was in former ages.' And mark the gain in breadth and the spiritual results of dissemination since 1694 when Wotton wrote this. The way has been long, the pace slow, we repeat. But count what the soul of the people has won! Social ideals, sense of conduct, better codes of duty, better codes of virtue.

"'But dig down: the Old unbury; thou shalt find on every stone
That each Age hath carved the symbol of what god to them was known;

Ugly shapes and brutish sometimes, but the fairest that they knew;
If their sight were dim and earthward, yet their hope and aim were true.'

"To-day, with us, this secular, people's will is striving through a compelling social conscience, the conscience finally pushed into a world-force in throes of the Great Reformation—through the Reformers' resistance to pressure upon their liberties. Inseparably linked with this conscience, also, is the old Puritan idea of the commonwealth and its education which would mark off the education that confuses and weakens from the education that clears and strengthens and would make a new moral world for all peoples, and better for this and future generations, and wherever they may have their habitations, all dwellers of the earth. Our democratic, on-sweeping will and conscience, our soul of the people, so declares itself—that men and

women of future generations, and even of to-day, shall have such a common weal and shall be more vigorous in morals, mind and body, than peoples of the past.

"A strange insight of the seventeenth century forecast such possibilities for our gift to the world spirit, when Wotton wrote: 'So some future Age, though, perhaps, not the next, and in a Country now possibly little thought of, may do that which our great Men would be glad to see done; that is to say, they may raise real Knowledge, upon the Foundations laid in this our Age, to the utmost possible Perfection, to which it can be brought by mortal Men in this imperfect State.' 'This,' adds Wotton, 'is what one would gladly hope should be reserved for his own Posterity and his own Country.' Have we enough of the old Puritan spirit to develop such an inheritance aright?

"That we are moving in steady im-

provement and endeavor to make our moral progress keep pace with material progress is surely not an idle dream of optimists—such as Anthony à Wood would call 'magotie-headed.' Advance in spiritual acquisition, founded on the well-directed use and extension of practical arts of life, is not a mere vagary. Railways carry Krupp cannon far; but they carry steel ploughs and pruning hooks farther. Telegraph and telephone may have borne messages that shattered the peace of the world; but they also carry to remotest corners teachings of the solidarity and interdependence of all earth's people.

"Even to-day's knowledge and invention, and our intelligent utilizing of them for human advantage, old seers saw and foretold. For instance, Joseph Glanvill ventured in 'The Vanity of Dogmatizing,' 1661, to say; 'I doubt not but posterity will find many things, that are now but Rumors, verified into practical

Realities. It may be some Ages hence, a voyage to the Southern unknown Tracts will not be more strange than one to America. To them, that come after us, it may be as ordinary to buy a pair of wings to fly into remotest Regions; as now a pair of Boots to ride a Journey. And to confer at the distance of the Indies by Sympathetick conveyances, may be as usual in future times, as to us in a literary correspondence.' In such ways did prophets shine out in past generations and hint at the realities that forerun our conscious and positive pursuit of social well-being.

"And still further afield—centuries before Glanvill—the 'Chronicle of London,' so long ago as the year 1203, suggested such air visitors as a brilliant material civilization in 1915 and 1916, effected: 'There were seyn foules fleynge in the eyre berynge in their billes brennyng coles, whiche brenden manye houses'; and again in 1221, 'at which

tyme fyry dragons and wykkes [wicked] spirytes grete noumbre were seyn openly fleyng in the eyre.' "

OUR COUNTRY NEWSPAPER: THE GENESIS OF ITS SPIRIT

Yet still the New World spooked it in his veins,
A ghost he could not lay will all his pains;
For never Pilgrims' offshoot 'scapes control
Of those old instincts that have shaped his soul.

"Fitz Adam's Story,"
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The little county paper
From the old home town, ah me,
Has anybody died this week?
Let's open it and see. . . .

The editor is lazy and he don't get round much more
To gather up the items at the blacksmith shop and store;
But here are all the funerals, and the marriages are told
In simple old-time sweetness of an English style of gold. . . .

It hasn't much pretension and it's still the same old thing
It used to be when childhood filled the world for us with spring.
But how we watch and hunger for the little sheet to come
Each week from Homely Corners where so many friends are dumb.

The little county paper,
Oh, a welcome friend it is.
With all its quaint old gossip
Of a sweeter world than this!

"The Little Country Paper,"
FOLGER MCKINSEY in the *Baltimore Sun*.

OUR COUNTRY NEWSPAPER: THE GENESIS OF ITS SPIRIT

Our people who had the courage to pioneer in this country and form their government after their race institutions had a certain inborn spirit. When they made these United States and invited over the less fortunate of the world to share their good with them, we say, forefathers and foremothers of ours kept an essential of theirs already enshrined in their race customs, traditions, language and literature—democratic, local, self-government.

That self-government was fundamental in inhabitants of Britain nearly two thousand years ago, Julius Cæsar is witness. In the year 55 B.C., about the 26th day of August, having sailed from Port Itius in Gaul, now Boulogne in

France, Cæsar landed Roman legions on that snug island off the continent of Europe where, in coming generations, it was fated our English stock and English speech should evolve. "He thought," he wrote, "it would be well worth his while merely to visit the island, see what the people were like, and make himself acquainted with the features of the country, the harbors and landing places."

This was not all the shrewd and ambitious Roman purposed, however. He sought popularity at home, the then great capital and military centre of the world, by conquest of the natives of Britain, peoples celebrated, even in that day, for their fierce love of freedom—obdurate esteemers of liberty before all other possessions. To such men and women, enraged and horror-stricken, assembled near the flat shore and open beach between present-day Walmer and Deal, Cæsar set forth his heresy of imperialism, his principle of authority

centring at Rome—the glory to the swarming islanders in having the head of their government at the capital city of Italy. In that imperial town their chief, a Roman, should dwell, and he and his Roman advisers should govern them —alien, northern Britons that they were —in all conditions of life and death.

The raw islanders would none of his offering. They preferred home-bred rulers and home-bred freedom. And when Cæsar finally drew up his legions to enforce his authority centring at Rome, unnumberd Britons died in battle, and others outright killed themselves, rather than bow the knee to Roman assumption. But strength of arms won, and the island in large part became a Roman province.

Through many years imperial governors and legions held subject liberty-loving Britons. Bloody wars, exhausting taxes, mutilation and starvation of the body, every heinous means of reduc-

tion and destruction a gross, materialistic power visited upon those would-be-local-self-governors. An individual, a man or woman, counted not a soul's or a body's worth, if only the imperial will prevailed. Yet, some two hundred years after Cæsar's proclamation of conquest, Hegesippus wrote, "Britons never will be slaves"—his exact words were, "Britanni quid esse servitus ignorabant, soli sibi nati, semper sibi liberi." Centuries again passed. The island called other peoples across seas that wash its fair shores. The new comers settled and an amalgamation of bloods followed.

Over in Rome the state was dying of its imperial megalomania. Still, the idea itself seemed not yet ready for extinction; and it set up an imperial order in relations of the spirit of man to eternity. The Christian community centring at Rome, that is, gradually grafting the mild, mystic, individual

teachings of Jesus upon pomp and ritual of the old Roman religion and imperial Roman organization and administration, became not content solely with other-worldly preachings, but proclaimed the sovereignty of their overseer, or bishop, over all earth's people. So early as the second century the tale was broached.

To English peoples a result of this Roman claim was that with their acceptance, in the seventh century, of simple precepts taught under Syrian skies, and with their delight in fragments of the Gospels and Prophets translated from the Latin into their own rude tongue, they perforce took Roman tradition and zeal for imperial organization and authority centring at Rome. This acceptance meant to the disrupted races of the island a temporary abrogation of their instincts. But in the secular process with which the collective mind, the social spirit, the justice of God pushes onward,

they finally evolved a government—with which the better systematized and more stable church united.

In those days learning was in the keeping of the church. Chronicles of the time tell of dominating king and strong noble, priest and monk. Rarely do they mention soil-dwellers—carl, villein and simple, unpretentious commoners. Look far in the writings of such imperialists and you find little indwelling, heart-warming, democratic fellow-feeling with the folk, the estimate of the human creature as a sole and complete unit working out his individuality in this life and needing at least a modicum of fructified, fulfilled desires this side his grave.

Nevertheless the idea of democracy, self-government, still abode in that folk of rugged English speech. All peoples are democratic in their beginnings. The difference between the democracy of English stock and others is that, in spite of absolutism supervening, in spite of

such hindrances to its expansion as a secular aristocracy preserved by primogeniture, from us the spirit can not be torn out, so deep in our nature run its roots.

In this fixity, this radication, we find why democratic ideals inspired England's government through centuries, when state-paid preachings of the valuelessness of the people retarded evolution. Throughout hundreds of years, when the church which might have been a beneficent tribunal was hardening into a rapacious, intollerable tyrant, the English commons comforted themselves as did a mouthpiece of theirs, Preacher John Ball, of the fourteenth century, who, says an old chronicler, "began a sermon in this manner:

"When Adam dolve and Eve span
Who was then a gentleman?

And continuing," says the chronicler, "he sought to prove that from the begin-

ning all were made alike by nature, and that bondage or servitude was brought in by unjust oppression of naughty men against the will of God."

All such pleas for liberty as this we have just cited have been smouldering fires of the people's spirit—fires covered at times, as the Normans declared the Saxons' should be—but bound to seek the face of heaven wherever, in the race's evolution, its offspring might settle to pass their life-cycle of labor and love. Wherever any chance-usurping power might strive to curtail its individual liberty, this native, would-be-self-governing-and self-ordering democracy of our stock has been apt to warm to wrath with a star-of-the-morning in hand, or to volley its indignation in arrows, or pikes, or muskets, or rifles to regain the liberties of the English people, which, even in Elizabeth's day, writers spoke of as "antient." And upon whatever land our race has taken root, democracy, re-

gard for the individual being, has sprung in the institutions of the soil and dwelt there. The idea seems to be in us, an essential factor of our race subconsciousness.

In early comers to America this devotion to the democratic idea was strong. That the infarers were a human unit, trammeled by no social forms except those that had brought and welded them, dwelling upon a virgin land mysteriously stretching its fragrant forests beyond their exploring eye, increased such convictions. They were fresh for the effort of working out mighty ideas and pushing those ideas into human evolution. They had left the old home with the winds of the Great Reformation still cleansing England's air, and when the Puritan ideas of a commonwealth were stalking abroad and in daylight. Habit of revolt and stand for individual freedom had become a part of their natures. A sense of isolation born of the habit of opposi-

tion had already stoicized, freed from littleness and uplifted their souls.

But again we have to turn back, and this time to the seers and learned of a Semitic people dwelling thousands of years ago in a land east of the Mediterranean, who had set down the values of the agricultural life. Their estimate went into one of the greatest books the world has ever read—a seminal book for soil-tillers, the Bible.

And now, in the seventeenth century, in this America, when the Puritan ideas of a self-governing commonwealth were abroad among the people, the sonorous voice of the old Semitic writings, their estimate of the soil-dweller, played a master part.[1] For the colonists of our

[1] The self-governing instinct of the English people had demanded translations of the Bible into their own tongue after their acceptance of Christianity, and after the time of Bede many fragments were rendered. Such works, dating from the ninth century, still exist. But Wycliffe in the year 1382 finally brought the entire Bible to English speech,

Atlantic slope, besides inheriting the love of individual liberty of their birth-land, had seized upon and were worshipping the records in which the ancient Semitic folk, exultant in having a soil on which to dwell, had inscribed their living.

Our colonists knew that conditions about the Hebrews of old and themselves had somewhat of identity—at one time wanderers without a home, would-be soil-dwellers seeking an abode, strong in faith and courage and community of interests, each with an undeveloped genius for bringing ideals to the world's betterment. These later colonists had, too, as Jeremiah tells of Israel, gone after the Lord "in the wilderness," "in a land that was not sown." To found a theo-

when manuscript copies of parts of the work were multiplied and eagerly bought. Then, after printing came into use, Tyndale's and Coverdale's, and others' versions, made the folk familiar with their pages eighty years before the landing of our Pilgrims. The Bible in its English dress, let us not forget, entered a world where theology and its reformation were of chiefest interest.

cratic commonwealth was a great purpose of theirs here in America. A God-ruler of like conception to the old Hebrews' was to be their mystic head, and manifest vessels of his grace the guiders of their commonwealth's affairs.

Thus our early American forefathers brought the old, concrete-minded Hebrews' book to inhospitable shores and fed themselves upon its manna. Those stiff-necked, self-sacrificing, self-denying, little-asking forefathers and foremothers of ours, in the blue and white of whose nerves and the red of whose blood was still vibrating love of liberty, love of the local-self-government that Cæsar found ancient Britons and other northern peoples ready to die for, and to suffer more than death for—the liberty which the imperial Roman idea, whether of state or of church, had never been able to kill out—that people, with such an inheritance, took the informing soul of the old Hebrew scriptures into their

lives with the fervor that one people will sometimes seize another's exaltation.

In these colonists' view the Bible was holy of holies, the veritable voice of God. When, in the narrowness and material comfortlessness of their lives they held the book in their hands and with reverence undid its leathern covers, they found in its theocratic spirit governing all details of life a breadth of vision that encompassed the world. It opened before their eyes heights of human aspiration, and its simple, penetrating message searched the depths of every human heart. Countless of its precepts balmed their ills. For did they not own all that men needed to order themselves and their affairs in this world and for the world to come? No longer were their souls comfortless.

The Old Testament, its simplicity, its concreting of values, the high philosophy of a part of it, bore to the Puritans espe-

cially an ideal of life. In their instinctive democracy they turned to records of the heroic age of Israel, the generations between Abraham and David, to those days when "there was no king in Israel but every man did that which was right in his own eyes," and to the later theocratic organization after the Captivity when a court or synedrium and high-priest governed Judæa, when laymen gathered in synagogues to read sacred writings and talk over their interpretation. Aside from these Puritans no moderns have taken into their own lives the stern sincerity and contempt for material prosperity, the fervor for the moral law that informed the prophets of that ancient people.

Upon the curving hills and amid the forests of their new world these infaring colonists upbuilt an English Israel. Many a New England farmer, housed in greying timbers upon some wind-swept height, worked the soil of his few acres,

lived his elemental life and dignified his sorrows and joys by his conviction of their likeness to men's of holy writ—the affliction of Jacob, the triumph of Jephthah, the faith of David, the grief of Job, and the three types of friends zealous in comforting, pictured for all time, Bildad and Eliphaz and Zophar—his course made possible solely by the mental resourcefulness and untiring industry of a most marvellous "help-meet," his wife. The family itself, and similar, neighboring families, formed an autonomous unit.

These people of the New World knew that the old Hebrew prophets were the Puritans of their times and people—to be a prophet was to be a Puritan. They knew that the inspired might be a simple soil-tiller. So in this later life of theirs, the New England farmer needed no special nor artificial training to exalt him to the service of his deity—to be a Puritan was to be a prophet. Twice

each day, needing no priest, separated from divinity by no vail he read to his listening family of the people led by Moses and face to face with the Almighty. Self-instructed and self-consecrated, he was oftenest like the moral reformer, Amos, of old, "a herdsman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit," whom the Lord took as he followed the flock and said, "Go, prophesy unto my people." He might not be a poet in expression, as the Hebrew, but he was a poet in soul; a thinker and ready to exhort against voluptuousness—that the chosen people might hear the word the Lord had spoken. Sometimes, like the elder Jacob, he combined religious fervor with a shrewd and crafty individualism. Conditions taught him. In consonance with the physical atmosphere of his New England, sternness and severity were his mental and emotive climate. To gain subsistence he had cleared his soil of forests with unmeasured toil, ears quick-

ening to hear the approach of a destroyer; and he had learned that axe and saw ring finest when they strike the closest knit and most enduring timber.

"Who would true valor see,
Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a Pilgrim.

"Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have the right
To be a Pilgrim."

Solitariness was his lot. "The kingdom of God is within you." Æsthetic symbols ensnared approaches to the Divine, for, to such a religionist, when

attention to material forms entered spiritual religion took wing. Ritual was desecration.

And each neighbor of his, we say, suffered the same contagion. Their Master was about to come. Goodness, justice should reign, and a righteous world at last be theirs. They knew not the day or hour Triumph might gloriously appear, perhaps in a month, a year —so much was fulfilling the prophecy— surely in the not far-off future.

Such was their faith and estimate of values. A severe, narrow existence it mightily sustained. Among those dwellers, in this life they led—in no other by any possible pretence—grew that "American conscience" which has been, and still is, a dominant moral power round the whole earth—that American conscience of which the warring states of Europe sought, in 1914, '15 and '16, the approval.

The great book, again, was at one with

the agriculturalism to which the people's lives were constrained. In its report of the living of the elder people of the Covenant, its estimates were often of the real, primal things of life—so genuinely part of the terrestrial passage of man that terrestrial passage is not without them. This fact squared exactly with intense belief in elementals of daily life that has characterized our English-speaking peoples' strength and democracy—their inheritance, we have said, from peoples who had the trait before they had heard of the Bible, who were distinguished by it before the Bible was. Heirs of this spirit, when once they had grasped the book, they did not lose its bed-rock for human living.

Birth of children, the life-events of nearby dwellers, ploughing, planting, harvesting, cattle-tending, the pursuit of goods enough to live wholesomely, the final debt we owe to the laws of nature, and always and everywhere service and

helpfulness to our neighbor—this was the sum of the moral life as their democracy saw it. This was the real triumph of the individual, the best product of duty for one's self and duty towards one's neighbor.

Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there. And again Abram took Sarai his wife and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered and the souls that they had gotten in Haran, and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.

These elder families, their souls gotten, their substance, their migration, were worth note in the most sacred and spiritual book the Puritan people knew. That book should serve also to register

souls born of their own. It should record the great trinity—birth, marriage, death—of each Puritan offspring —a progeny strong, valiant, confident, conquering, settling in Merrimac, Connecticut and Mohawk valleys; again democratized in bands of dauntless, adventurous, plodding pioneers trailing to the broad Canaanitic bottom-lands of the Ohio and Missouri; or, infused with a flexible modernity and facing the further difficulty and danger of trekking in wind-jamming prairie-schooners towards the Willamette's flood and the Golden Gate.

In many races a first use of writing was in family annals, for instance among the early Greeks and Irish, in records on tombstones. The Bible's chronicling is a complete example, both as the book stood in its ancient form and in practical uses among our English-speaking Puritans. In those days, when the people forming the colonies had broken from the old home and church dominion, the

Bible was their holiest possession. It should be their family register. Their reasoning was natural, inevitable, indeed, through need of the exact registry that loosely knit church and state did not keep. Of all places open to their need for record that was the most abiding. Those practical theorists were unconscious of what their reasoning gained through their religious saturation. Their justification was in the records of the Bible that chronicled the worth of human lives, gotten and seeking domicle, and in concrete phrase wrote down a husbandman's spirit.

Thus our "antient-liberty"-loving foreparents nursed their human interests and kept their human records. The generations making their entries lived in the faith that they were the heirs of the early folk and beloved of the Lord. Yellow sheets in the holy book of every family conserving such treasures follow the Old Testament pages. Time-saf-

froned leaves, we say, blank save for the faded ink of family entries, set forth, in the uneven script of the hand unused to the pen, material and speaking evidence of the truth here bespoken. The very act of inscription witnessed their belief that they were a chosen people, a continued Israel. Not only certain of their mental habits, often their given names were from the old Jews—those Jews, we repeat, whose family records foreran their family records in the binding of the book. The Old Testament had gripped them more firmly than the New.

Thus our Puritans, extending their love of local self-government, the instinct for state-building that had characterized their English forebears, and in their constant reference for ordering their affairs multiplying the simple culture of the great book they sanctified by their worship,—thus the Puritans went on accomplishing their mighty work for the human spirit, and towards the end of

the centuries they had distinguished by their social progress, one of the handmaids of self-government—movable type—sought popular distribution. A significant history lies in the fact that the first book printed in movable type was the Bible; and also in another fact, that the people indelibly marked by the Bible's teachings were the first to make the type their everyday servant.

When the distribution of this type was completed and put at hand means for speedy printing of records, country newspapers gradually sprang from the social soil of our American village and town. A people democratized, inasmuch as they had proved to all the world that their conscious progress was through free self-government, were secularizing and confirming their faith in a hereafter of ideal justice by endeavor to bring, so far as humanly possible, equity to life upon this earth.

Not so often now did family-annals,

written in the old-home Bible, in its blank leaves twixt Old Testament and New, seem a nisi qua non. Those self-governing state-builders took the right not only to secularize their own family records, but also to deliver to their local press legends of neighboring patriarch and matriarch—to write simple annals of whatever good and ill might come to every hearth whose blue smoke upcurled in fragrant morning air and whose door opened upon a green sward.

No pretence defaced such newsmongering. Faith in the human being and local pride were its base. Its all-inclusiveness forbade snobbery. Spiritual needs, economic needs and social needs lay still in lines as simple as those of the early people. And especially when our Civil War came, and every community marched forth its little band of brothers for the front, and dire news flashed over the wires after battles, and sympathy for another's loss quickened and united

all the neighborhood's people, a voice must be at hand to tell the pride and pain of every dweller. Each settlement must have its newspaper and every man and woman be its reader.

In such ways as these it happened that the country newspaper and its personal columns—which are the surging, purple life-stream of its spirit—finally came to voice country habits and habitudes; the humanity that burgeons in a community which takes on permanence; the folk-humor that digs another in the ribs; the willing ear for another's sorrow or joy; the helpfulness embedded in our hearts toward those less fortunate than ourselves.

Thus our country newspapers became unconscious records, perhaps to-day the sole records not self-conscious and having to the student the interest of unconscious speech. They are a simple ordering and organization of friendly neighborhood news—not unlike that Froissart

delightedly received when "the squire drew me apart into a corner of the chapel," or such as the Mermaid Tavern, and London coffee houses of later centuries, purveyed—such as forebears of us Americans heard at the turnstile between fields yellow with grain and scarlet with poppies, or at the post-seat of a cross-road, at the town-pump and fountain, or at the cornerstone of the farm, or resting on the old settle of the wayside inn, or at a raking of hay, or press of cider, or full-moon corn-husking, or early spring "sugaring-off"; or, again, at those points especially warming to tonguey gossip—the neighboring tavern and country-store—and also to-day's town club.

For portraiture the papers' columns are of unexampled worth. You and I have never seen Cherry Vale, nor Willow Springs, nor Vinland nor Eudora. Neither kith nor kin of ours dwell in those groupings nestled close to Mother

Earth and strengthened by the electric current pulsing under her leafage.[1] Yet good it is to hear this end-of-the-week news:

Ira Rothrock hulled 57 bushels of clover seed last Saturday, which breaks the record for one day's work in these parts.

Lloyd Duffee has received the nomination for county surveyor. Success to him.

The Library supper was quite well attended last Wednesday evening though the threatening aspect of the weather together with bad roads, seemed to keep a good many at home. The supper was a bountiful repast, and very appetizing. Six huge chicken pies graced the tables. Their odor made one's mouth water as the knife penetrated them.

J. Hammond lost a good horse last week—one of his greys.

Ross Hughs, the road boss, got a horse and buggy last Sunday and went to see his best

[1] Thousands of years ago the faith pertained that those who slept on the ground drew oracular wisdom from Earth. Homer, in the Iliad (xvi, 234), ascribes such power to the Selloi, original dwellers at Dodona, guardians of the oracle of Zeus:

'αμφὶ δὲ Σελλοὶ
Σοὶ ναίουσ' ὑποφῆται ἀνιπτόποδες χαμαιεῦναι.

girl. He says his best girl is his mother.

There was quite a number out at prayer meeting Sunday night.

Grandma Davis was calling at George Gilley's last week.

Most all the farmers are sowing wheat again this year.

We are glad to report that Miss Nora Metsker is giving general satisfaction in her teaching No. 4 school.

The wedding bells will soon peal forth their merry chimes in the east part of Vinland; so boys, keep your eyes open.

The Simmons boys hauled their apples to Eudora last week.

Otto Durrow is digging a well for G. M. Norton. If anybody on earth can find water in the bowels of the earth, it is Otto Durrow.

The Republican primary at Willow Springs last Friday was well attended. William Marshall was nominated for township trustee; Lester Flora for clerk, and Daniel Heuston for treasurer.

Fred. Rumsey has been quite sick with malarial fever, but is now able to sit up.

Mrs. Dr. Evans will go to her parents for a visit to her childhood home in Vermont.

Misses Nettie Stone and Flora Gibbons

spent the day with Miss Maggie McClanahan Sunday.

The boys say Harry Roe is building an addition to his house, and they are sure he will need someone to help him take care of it.

Your correspondent will plaster Mr. Murphy's new house this week.

What suggestions of human interest and pride in country quiet! To such items ninety-nine in every hundred readers turn when the paper comes to the family living-room. Now and then a man first seeks report from the market; but he excuses his peccadillo by the claim that he wants to know "quotations for steers on the hoof."

The housemother finds reinvigoration in such delightful columns. They bring her near other patient adjusters whose lives round, in lack of mental stimulation, with her own. Days with her, the everyday-of-life things, are apt to be a treadmill, the giving of self to issues

petty in their being and tremendous in the bearing, to the wants of the helpless in infancy and age, and to the infinite work of child development, in short, the giving of herself to homemaking. And this when before her eyes the hand of God, brushing the skies with color and pouring liquid light on field and shrub and tree, beckons her outside her door. To lives so circumscribed the neighborhood paper comes as a tonic, a reconciler to a narrow lot.

The confining quality of their work, we say, whets women's appetites for companionship and increases their zest for neighbor news. All offspring of the great Pan yearn to be with their kind—shut a large-winged moth in a summer room, and soon you will find its compeers clinging to the window screen; clever-witted birds seek one another, so duller sheep; a horse must neigh to his fellow, and even the puma will not be solitary.

Likewise we human children of Pan, especially those of us shut off, are a-hunger for social converse.

The men's line in life has in it satisfying friction of soul against soul. Obedient to it they move in the world's spaciousness and contact with neighbor. Driving in it enlarges and fills out their minds, brings them in touch with the manifold, refreshes by communion with the general life. Not so the women's. The food for their spirit is, after their own gleanings, mainly self-evolved, created in the depths of their inner life. Of our ancestors' use and worship of the Old Testament we may not say the book helped free each life of the people. The Great Writ liberated the men. It did nothing to deny a ruling preserved from the ancients—the supremacy in the family of a father however bad and treasonable. Emphasis still remained upon the oriental conception of women. The book's exaltation, as our Puritans

saw it, was not of women's spiritual life, merely of their service tending to domestic comfort and in a lavish, unintelligent fecundity—a large percentage of Puritan children died from undue drainage of maternal vitality. The Jews of the Bible more often enslaved—sometimes with worshipful attitude, as men at times to-day, nevertheless enslaved—their women, and the misogynous sentiment of that old people,[1] and of their Puritan heirs, is disappearing in our time only before the scientific and economic truth that marks the forward movement of our social will.

Now, another divagation:—It is well known that citizens of larger towns are apt to treat with light scorn our country newspapers' interests. The well-deep sympathy in recital of happenings to

[1] To this day men of the synagogue pray, "O Lord God, Eternal King of the Universe, I thank thee that thou hast not made me a woman." And women submissively murmur, "O Lord God, Eternal King of the Universe, I thank thee that thou hast made me according to thy will."

fellow earth-dwellers that has grown in human veins since our race evolved from cave-dwellers, the humanity which charms in the pages of Thomas Tusser and Worthy Fuller and Izaak Walton—when put in country papers excites the burghers' risibles. Perhaps the big-city people nurse a grudge of jealousy against the villagers for so intimate, alluring comment. Their derision is all the stranger because the country papers' wording is often that of the metropolitan press. It is easy to see that when every hamlet has its "society," which is all its folk, to report, the country paper has universalized, has democratized the assumption formerly affected by a few. Take, for example, items from that one-time paragon of personalities, the *Court Journal* of London:

> The Countess of Carysfort is at Elton Hall in Huntingdonshire. Her Ladyship does not intend visiting Glenart Castle this year, as has been reported.

The health of Lady Theodosia Springe Rice has recently much improved.

The Earl of Shannon has been indisposed, but we are happy to state his Lordship is recovering.

The Duchess of Canizzaro is still at Dover where her Grace intends to remain until the end of the month.

Lord and Lady Holland entertained a party on Monday evening at Holland House to celebrate his Lordship's birthday.

Mrs. Phillip and her lovely daughter gave a splendid ball and supper on Friday to a distinguished party of fashionables and literati.

Now, does this differ from the country newspaper—except in names? Which has real values?—those first racy jottings of life going on round the little local press of Laurel Town, or these meatiest selections from the *Court Journal* some years back? Which has more human worth? which the finer merit of helpfulness?—the larger life and intelligence? No healthy, normal being would

prefer Mrs. Phillip's "splendid ball" with its "fashionables and literati" (something bad in that phrase!) to the Library supper where six huge, redolent chicken pies uncrusted upon the table. At that supper the "literati" we may be sure were not wanting—but, for the time being, put snugly within the green-curtained book-case—Irving and Whittier and Longfellow, all well thumbed by the neighborhood youngsters, Dickens, Scott, and other confrères, and William of Avon cheek by jowl with a good English version of Homer. Of Homer that supper had the real humanity and the real heartiness, and none but he, or the great Shakespeare himself, could write down its labor-founded laughter and appetiteful history. "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour."

Miss Nettie Stone spent the day with Miss Maggie McClanahan: the Duchess

of Canizzaro is still at Dover where her Grace purposes to remain. Chronicles of the farmer's daughter amuse the sophisticated. Yet who shall dogmatize on value! No American, surely, the bases of whose life are faith in the divinity that dwells in work and workers. Farmers' daughters have doubtless contributed more of merit to human life than duchesses. But even in these days of strengthening democracy, meretricious trappings rather than simple worth exalt an old feudal title, given because of some ancestor's vigor or depravity, and depress life more justly modelled. "Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, precedent and gold," sang Swinburne with characteristic warmth:

"Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promise
bought and sold,
Gave you heritage of empire over thralls of
old."

Not yet, perhaps, through the influence

of ideas foreign to liberty and democracy, have we thoroughly within our nation's blood conviction of the debilitatingness of pomp and of title—their parasitic devouring the goods of the weak and defenceless, their tawdry ceremonials and symbolisms, their millinery to catch the eye and hypnotize the sense and conceal spiritual pinchbeckerie. Not yet are we seers enough to estimate a human soul apart from its trappings. In spite of Thackeray's kniving analysis there still lives in our midst many a snob.

To the country newspaper some victim of the inkpot now and then earns his subscription by contribution of a weekly budget. This we saw just now when the reporter told of his job to plaster Mr. Murphy's house this week. "Your scribe" is known in many a community. And how delicious his folk-humor! How luscious his details! Listen to one—merely one—of his unnumbered and in-

describable antics! If it has not the jugglery of Touchstone, it has that provincial distortion of speech, which Dr. Johnson found in Sir Hugh Evans' and Dr. Caius' of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—"its power . . . even he that despises it, is unable to resist":

Oi wuz sawin wood wan could mornin whin wan av me gud frinds cum along, an bein ankshus to kape up me akwayntunce shtoped to tawk aphwile, an wuz makin phun av me shpellin, an oi sed: o, begorra, an oi don't bodthur me hed wud sitch a shmawl matthur, for whin oim tellin the thrute oi gits that exoited oi furgits me manurs intoirly, an awl me gud owld shtep muthur wuz tachin me wud grate panes, and a peace ava a hickory three to pint it off wid and make me rispickt hur an me privylidges.

Sumebody's ould jumpin-jak av a kow, bein no kuller at awl, but awl white, an a bob tale that's bin atin gras in ivry blissed man's pasthure 2 munths an moar, wid dogs an kussin flyin afthur the same, she's bein missed, an sumebody must be atin bafe, be gorra, an her gone intirely an suddint.

Sum ave the byes ar ould batchlurz (which last it's none av the phwalt av thimsilves, be is said wid thrute) wint down ovar the gumbow path to the woods, an kilt an murthered a koon of the animal kind, an sizzled him ovur the koles til he wud do to ate wud kreem an unyuns an a gud apytight.

Misthur Tuttle, that same bein the school masthur, sint out the wurrud that amazed us, bein the sad nuse that "Henry Eggart fell, an wuz lyin unkonshus sum hours"; an then he rilaved us awl moytily whin he sed it wuz ashleep he fell.

Lloyd Grant got a foine gittar in his sox on Chrismas mornin, oi am towld. An faith' thair is moar gittars an fiddels an mandylins in this saim nayburhud than in any ither av its soize in the kunthry, an devil a tinkle av um did oi iver heer yit. Give the owld mon a serrynade, bys.

"We hope," wrote the Cherry Vale correspondent of the *Gazette,* "that some of the good cooks of this vicinity will study the premium list of the Douglas County Fair, and help make a display from this part of the county."

A heart-of-September sun looks down upon the festival, held here under rough roofs, yonder under the radiance of the Lord of Light himself. Answering their newspaper's call, what handiwork have the women not sent to "help make a display from this part of the county!" Landscape and loghouse and "crazy" bedquilts, drawn-work scarfs, embroidered centre-pieces wrought through long summer afternoons—all come from cedar chests and lavender-scented closets. Deftly painted chocolate pots, tea-jars and cups from china shelves; children's portraits in crayon; and flowers processioning from April apple-blossoms on blue satin to October golden-rod on black.

Pears, also, of alabaster whiteness and fineness of grain, and yellow-meated peaches swimming in syrupy juices; toothsome white bread; the protein-bearing brown loaf; snowy disks of "mountain" cake and parallelograms of chocolate and maple, brought to confines by

plethoric mangoes and "apple-butter" breathing spice. Those huge pigeon-blood rubies you see over there are not pigeon-blood rubies at all but merely moulded, Douglas County, currant jellies —which might indeed market at the price of rubies if the market could get them.

From garden and field the biggest ears of yellow corn, and biggest ears of white corn; stalks so aspiring as to bear their tassels above a man ahorseback; bags of wheat off land yielding fifty bushels of plump red kernels to the acre. Then, too, grapes from vineyard and pergola—pulpy Concords, aromatic Delawares, spicy Dianas, each sweet-scented globe aping the sun in roundness, and conserving within its blooming skin the dews and honeying warmth of a whole summer.

Yonder across the field stand cattle and the lesser breeds, well-fed, well-rubbed, patiently switching the assiduous flies of autumn. And their owners shift about substantially ruminating a stalk

of grey grass and shaking head in assent or dissent of opinion, while gentle-handed judges stroke the merits of the exhibit and tie on the ribbon won. Of such material solidity is the fair. And this is what "your scribe" of a neighboring paper says of the occasion:

Nearly every one from this vicinity attended the Fair last week, and all pronounced it a success.

It may not be known, but we would like to say that it was one of our neighbors who furnished the greased pig for the Fair. Who can beat it?

Much honor is due John Blevins for the grand display he made. He brought Grant township to the front, and the contest between Grant and Eudora being so close that the committee could not decide, a disinterested party, Mr. Eben Baldwin, was called upon. He cut it in the centre, giving each township one-half the premium.

But the country paper has another side, and one of its duties is to speak with fellow-feeling, and due sense of the

moral tone of the community, of tragic circumstances—often inscrutable, mysterious, working in silence and indirection, seizing and drawing into its vortex both young and old—the tragic circumstance of folk that walk with it in daily ways, or come to lie with quiet hands beneath the earth's protecting cover. And youth!—capricious, driven by some misguiding, shadowy will from which no power seems able to wrest them—they are not fruits of cities alone, as these following paragraphs show:

Several years ago two bright boys left Pawpaw Grove. Many supposed they had gone west, while others thought they would come about again some time. The following verse, which one of their friends lately received, tells its own story. The moral every parent who is raising boys for the world's market, should carefully note:

"When John and I were boys
We were bad enough 'tis true;
Had fun, made lots of noise,
For that was all we had to do.

"We never worked a single day,
Our parents didn't seem to care;
They'd never a single word to say,
Whether at home or elsewhere.

"John soon learned how to swear,
And I began to badly curse,
And together, no matter where,
We boys grew worse and worse.

"The girls would sometimes say,
'Boys, you'll come to some bad end,
And then you'll have to run away,
Where no one will be your friend.'

"I said one day I would not work,
For my parents never taught me how,
I would be a burglar or a shirk,
Before I'd follow behind a plow.

"I always thought I was doing right,
While my parents never said a word,
In my course they seemed to delight,
And never for a moment demurred.

"John and I talked the matter before;
By fixing upon a certain night,
When we could turn the table o'er,
And leave the country in a flight.

"John took a horse and I a mule,
One night when it was very dark,
We thought it was the safest rule,
To go when the dogs wouldn't bark.

"So out of the country we went,
And never stopped to look behind,

For neither of us had a single cent—
We would put up with fare of any kind.

"We travelled half next day and that night,
Without a bite of bread to eat;
We felt the keen demands of appetite,
And swore we never would be beat.

"The rest of the story is easy told,
But neither of us will ever tell—
For being brave and very bold,
We got five years in our state's hell."

In days immediately forerunning the full-throated song now singing in our midst, our country newspaper lacked verse made by its readers. Still, not wholly silenced lay the muse, and lispings did at times reach the editor—faintly scented manuscripts from ladies whose eyes had the unreal look of dreamers, whose skin an anæmic transparency, whose curls were a trifle set—dames who spent their days behind reposeful green blinds, and, leaving the protection of their homes, ventured down the street a trifle conscious of their progress. Or the song may have come from preacher, or school-teacher, men

cloistered like the women, and like them finding solace in the lyric voice. Can any one of these have been what Shelley's discerning spirit clearly saw?

"How many a rustic Milton has passed by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart,
In unremitting drudgery and care!
How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!
How many a Newton, to whose passive ken
Those mighty spheres that gem infinity
Were only specks of tinsel, fixed in heaven
To light the midnight of his native town!"

In place of the old-day poetry-corner a quadrangle is now apt to stand with the heading "Of Interest to Women," or "The Woman's World"—as if interests of women were not as broad as human life, and their world the whole round world. In what the man-editor conceives alluring to women you find domestic engineering notes whiffing the ozone of clean shelves; the scent of corn-

dodgers; receipts for sun-preserved strawberries—true now, as of those of Dr. Boteler in his day long-foregone; "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." You find letters on home economics formulated by some housemother's clever brain, after years of tests in her kitchen-laboratory—advices, restated now and democratized, but bringing to your mind such books as the "Ladies Cabinet" and "Closets of Delight" to which our foremothers of the seventeenth century, perplexed by some problem in housewifery, turned for an unraveling.

Looking back to what we first said of the genesis of our country newspaper, this, then, is undeniable:—If our English ancestors had not founded their New World settlements upon our race taste for self-governing democracy and husbandry, we should not be having the beautiful, homely records our country

newspapers are making to-day. If our English forefathers had come to America as the French came, with need of thaumaturgy and priest as middleman between the individual and the Infinite Will, and also with slight clinging to racial family life—for the French drove the fur trade, not agriculture, they looked askance at the farmer and worked to keep this country a wilderness, not to cast it to uses of civilized life—if our English forebears had come into the wilderness without ideals of race purity indestructibly in their heads and state-building instincts of the old home in their hearts, our people, we of the United States themselves, should not have been.

In the English infare wives came with husbands—women and men together, as in the old times east of the Mediterranean the Hebrew men and women went forth from Ur to go into the land of Canaan. Hand in hand they built their narrow dwelling and stood forth as a

family, their altar and covenant the old-time mighty emphasizer of the family and individual husbandman, the Bible—which, we repeat, to their faith needed no interpreter save their own conning and independent thinking. That is, the English man and woman stood by their own strength. But they knew they stood most lastingly when united in a family. Thus the English foundation survives: for that reason we are here.

Our Puritans wrought with the might that lies in fidelity to principle, a fidelity that grew in them to an abnormally developed will—such as characterized the Jew before history was written and ever characterizes the Puritan of all times and lands. For, to reiterate, they had a dynamic religion, a generator of power—not a religion of refuge: a religion that individualized, that strengthened the soul by prompting it to solitary and independent seeking of The Eternal, not a religion that enervated by commun-

ity acquiescence to and repetition of formulas.

Descendants of these Puritans distributed themselves over this continent during generations, we say, and founded villages and towns which have preserved their old-time, self-governing principles —towns in which still prevails the estimate that human beings are equal in each having the human quality; where no aping of feudal ideas and disdain for manual labor lords it, and judge and college professor run their own "machine," curry their own horse, carry home their own beefstake, hoe their own thriving garden; where the dentist may have such social recognition as the doctor, and the cobbler of shoes live in the same standard of physical ease as the cobbler of souls. The Puritan progeny upbuilt communities, we repeat, where conventional prejudices and estimates of externals have small influence; where living is simple, housekeeping is homemaking, and the

family's health, convenience and sense of home-seclusion and protection and interdependence, such as Whittier pictured in his "Snow-Bound," rules. Of such living, race ethics, language, customs are the core. Old English traits of love of soil, love of fresh, humorous, red-blood characteristics that grow out of the soil—human nature modified by its home-breeding facts and realities—guide and bless the people. "Come here with your horses," sang a young blacksmith advertising in his local paper with verses of his own:

"Come here with your horses, your mares and your mules,
And give me a chance to make noise with my tools,
Very lonesome am I when my shop floor is bare—
Even once in a year when no horses are there.

"Come in the winter, spring, fall and summer.
Drive into my shop every old and new comer,

And if I can't suit you and treat you dead
true,
No man in the state can place you a shoe.

"Ere you drive any farther it will pay you to
stop
At D. W. Wilson's Horseshoeing Shop."

Such a people are not a class. They are unconscious of any social order save their own. Dwelling in town, village and outlying lands, they are not burghers subordinated to a small, aristocratic body of directors; not a peasantry whose sole interest in this world is the soil and its products. They are democratic self-governors, owning the land they inhabit, whatever human hands have put upon it, and, greatest gift of all, filled to the brain's brim with communal spirit and the ideals of their race. They have the sweet habit of mind of Americans, not the sour habit of mind common in foreigners, and they have the sweet habit because of their opportunity to use their

will and control or create their destiny—the individual is not fretted or driven back in his will by unconquerable powers. This knowledge, which democracy brings, gives them joy in living and love for and interest in their fellows, as their papers testify. They rejoice in fresh sensibilities, what William James called "responsive sensibilities." "We of the highly educated classes (so-called) have most of us got far, far away from Nature," added Mr. James. "We are trained to seek the choice, the rare, the exquisite exclusively, and to overlook the common . . . and we grow stone-blind and insensible to life's more elementary and general goods and joy."

Life is to them worth living. Given their race ideas, a world before them to make their own and no captious, arrogant will to say them nay, they are not apt to suffer what the old theology called minor "visible, carnal sins of gluttony

and drunkenness," but rather sins which ecclesiasts pronounced (when seen in others than themselves) major—"pride, malice, revenge," and "venomous, turbulent principles of a pitiful, crooked wisdom," namely, independent action and independent thinking. This people's "responsive sensibilities," their hopes, ambitions, jealousies, their jocularities and mellow, gleaming humor, their local papers evidence through letters and reports at election. Their master-subject for thought, "How shall we be governed?—by whom?" is a moral stir, an electrolysis, purifying and making hygienic many a fountain. The politician among them, at times intensely individualistic, intent on the pressure he may bring to further his aims, is commonly known root and branch to his neighbors—but he presents no background to the stranger, and foreign excursionists, prejudging his life as lack-

ing the social group, give him the name of shallow egotist.[1]

[1] An unexpurgated, inedited history of the politics of almost any of our small communities, would make what its politicians might call "mighty interesting reading." Here is a passage of amusing unction:

"Editor of the *Tribune*:—Ex-Judge O. Fasset and 'the boys' did come down to Baldwin—Johnny and Barney and Levison, S. T. Hacher, Kinsmore, and Senator Greer. The place, College Hall; the time, last evening; the audience, small; the first speaker, Morton.

"In self-defence Morton proceeded to show how easily he could be deceived about the funds at hand. He 'got off the nest' several times and rambled round, but Bro. Hacher and J. C. Lark brought him back and held his nozzle to the bank. The probate judge closed by an effort at ridiculing D. P. Twitchell. The result was a painful abortion, and like Josh Billings' rooster, he 'limped off the stage considerably reduced.'

"The next was Barney, the county clerk, who would have done well were it not for the lies he manufactured about the *Tribune* selling out, which shows him to be an ungrateful dog, as the *Tribune* has always spoken well of him. His chances would be much better if the people could forget that his office pays him $3500 a year, and his hired help does all the work for three hundred, while Barney loafs and pockets the balance.

"Then came Levison who more than intimated that it was very important he be elected county attorney, in view of the underholt he had on cases pending.

"Then rose Judge Fasset with one hundred and forty-four mouthfuls of articulate wind. He began with Kinsmore and sponged him off by saying he

Faith, such as the Old Testament inculcated, in ideals looking to race preservation, taught our people of inborn

ought to be re-elected because he had done his duty, and when his party found that kind of a man they ought to stick to him. But his eloquence lit up, and sparkled like a rotten mackerel by moonlight, when he came to let his 'gigantic intelleck' light down on Johnny and Barney as faithful officers, and Levison as an able prosecutor, while 'I was judge.' A newcomer who sat near me, in a whisper half audible, said, 'Great heavens, was he ever judge?'

"'Yes, sir; eight years on the bench.'

"'Well, you Hesperus people beat the world. It is the first time I ever knew a people to make a judge entirely of guts and hair. They can't beat that east of the Wabash.'

"The ex-judge tried to be witty by ridiculing Judge Endry. He said the probate judge was an ignorant blacksmith until he was a man grown, but 'Mrs. Endry was a very estimable lady and had taken the judge to her knee and learned him to read and write, and he had made great progress.' This delicate and tasteful allusion left the sympathies of the whole audience in favor of Mrs. Fasset for what appeared her failure to do as much for her lunkey as the other good lady had done for hers. Just here my Indiana man put in:

"'You're coddin' me about that meat-head ever bein' a judge, ain't you?'

"'No, sir; he was once judge of this judicial district.'

"'Well, he must be out of a job, ain't he?—to be going round like this! I have never seen it equaled but once, sir. Old Bill Maxfield, an aristocratic old

democracy to love the fields, and it kept them to agriculture. In ethical schemes of the older portion of the book, the reward to a righteous life was, here and now, rich herds and large families; "Blessings on thy basket and thy store, the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep, if thou shalt hearken diligently to the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do his commandments"; "The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure, the heaven to give rain unto his land in his season, and to bless all the work of thy hand; and thou shalt lend unto many

cuss, has a fine farm on the flats east of the Wabash, and has it all ditched nicely. Old Bill don't weigh more than ninety pounds, clothes and all; he is all dried up, so there ain't oil enough in him to grease a gimblet, and when he goes out to see his farm he has a big lackey to go along. And when they come to a ditch his lackey just spans the ditch with his hands on one bank and his feet on the other, and humps up a little like a bridge, and old Bill walks right over, and keeps clean; but the other fellow gets d—d nasty.'

"Our opposition people are glad to see the *Tribune* go the whole ticket. We must have a bold paper."

nations and thou shalt not borrow: And the Lord shall make thee the head and not the tail; and thou shalt be above only and thou shalt not be beneath; if that thou hearken unto the commandments of the Lord thy God."

These were real and accountable teachings. They gripped the mind that esteemed them the voice of the world's moral governor. About the time faith in the relevancy of the Scriptures faded, came a loss of reverence for country dwelling and a flocking to towns. Rebirth of wonder at and reverence for an Everlasting Truth, reaffirmation of the old moralities in the moral and physical world, reawakening of race consciousness and race conception of nature, may still be necessary to restore us to realities.

How records of the simple country life of Hebrew families, before the Hebrew heart conceived desire for a king, acted upon our early, liberty-loving American

stock is clear. Not only the rigid and spiritual monotheism of the writings entered the people's life-blood as one with their self-governing instinct, the very phrasing passed into their every-day speech. In order independently to read the Bible, many a man and woman learned the alphabet. The King James version kept a masterpiece of English in their hands, and, far better, in their devotion to its sanctity, its marvellous English speech upon their lips. Non-conformists, as Bunyan and Defoe in England, wrote the purest Anglo-Saxon of their day.

This impulse to learn to read in order to con the Bible and to learn its phrase, working long in the active brains and free hearts of self-governors, spurred them to knowledge and confirmed those ideas [1] of education which the Great Ref-

[1] When, under the inspiration of Protestant ethics, European peoples began to read the Bible, each man became conscious of a God that demanded no priest, "that accepteth not the person of princes,, nor ge-

ormation had principled. Fervor to be able to read the book went further, for it expanded and warmed a passion for all learning, and assisted in founding state-supported schools. How, with broadened action and sympathy, it has cast among all men of earth ideas of self-rule and education, we are to-day seeing.

Offspringing from this knowledge and this fellow-feeling is our country newspaper. Nowhere, one might say, is there an open-minded press, voicing every soul as its community's factor, carrying the feeling of what Sir Thomas Browne in another spirit called "the

gardeth the rich more than the poor—they are all the work of his hands." Among such peoples the democratic spirit continued to wax. Take for instance Scotland: When the folk became Knoxite and cotters found felicity in reading the Scriptures, they turned from the taker of human life, the warrior, on the one hand, and the parasite on human life, the monk, on the other, to united, pastoral life and more democratic estimates of the people. And the nation humanized so seriously that after a few generations a poet of world-democratic sentiments, Robert Burns, flowered in their midst.

many-headed mass," save where significant Puritan sense and folk-qualities have stirred the people, and built their records. Modern journalism may have sprung from satirical and political pamphlet and diatribe, as certain writers claim. The genius of the country newspapers' columns, however, is the obverse of these—not malediction and hate but neighbor interest and love.

To set down earthly careers in a family Bible's interleaving pages, Births, Marriages, Deaths, is a custom now foregone. Our country newspaper, not unlike the Ark of the Covenant of the old-time people, inasmuch as it journeys through deserts and across Jordans with the folk who made it, and leaves a blessing upon whatever place it rests—our country newspaper aptly gives each family's history; and on its pages its folk have come to rely.

FORERUNNERS OF WOMEN'S COLLEGIATE EDUCATION: AND MARY ASTELL

If worthie Ladies would but take such paine,
In studies that immortall glorie raise,
As they do often take in matters vaine
Deserving none at all, or little praise: . . .
And further, if they could with their owne pen,
Set forth the worthie praise of their owne kind,
And not to be beholding unto men,
Whom hate and envie often so doth blind,
To make us heare the good but now and then,
But ev'rie place full of their ill we find;
Then sure I judge, their praises would be such,
As hardly men should have attaind so much.
For many writers do not onely strive,
Too highly to extoll our sexes fame,
But that they thinke they must withall contrive,
To publish womens blemish and their blame;
As fearing haply, lest they might arrive,
By their most due desait, to greater name.

"Translation of Orlando Furioso, 1634,"
SIR JOHN HARINGTON.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

"Lines to Lady Mary Wortley Montague,"
ALEXANDER POPE.

For knowledge is not an inert and passive principle, which comes to us whether we will or no; but it must be sought before it can be won. . . . They who do not feel the darkness, will never look for the light.

"History of Civilization in England,"
HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

FORERUNNERS OF WOMEN'S COLLEGIATE EDUCATION: AND MARY ASTELL

EDUCATION is Greek in its foundation. Our modern education is outlined in practices of worthies of Greece, seminal thinkers, writers and workers for youth's training in race ethics and race ideas; founded, also, on practices of Greek cities in preparing their young men for civic life and cultivated leisure.

In the unrolling of old centuries these Greek ideas of education passed southward to flourishing city-states on the African coast. Across the sea, also, to Rome, and there under the practical genius of it people found efficient service. Rome sowed the seed still more broadly. For instance, in the last quarter of the first century of our

era, under the influence of Agricola, military governor, Roman schools flourished in Britain. Later, in the revival of Latin, education again sporadically enrooted and civilized centres of the north—at the court of Charlemagne, in what is now France, as the writings of Alcuin and Eginhard testify; at the court of British Alfred the Great, according to Asser's "Deeds of Alfred," and, too, by the evidence of Alfred himself.

Later amid the dwellers of monasteries and nunneries, during the centuries of intellectual stagnation, ideas of education still continued concrete practices. But in such environment they were shorn of almost every Greek advantage, and, cut off from constantly refreshing life forces, they sank to the level of their surroundings and became deformed and denatured weaklings.

The idea of training the young in race feeling and the thought contained in race works, especially in literature, was, then,

one of the immeasurable gifts of Greece to later times. So, to understand any line of our modern education we have to start with the passing of Europe from dreaming, fictive and scholastic centuries —to start with the times after Petrarch and Boccaccio, the first men of note who had ambition, however much they failed in accomplishment, to read Greek literature in the original—we have to start with the times called the Pagan Renaissance, the change in life and traditions that followed the revival of Greek learning and dissemination and love of Greek ideas—a movement which had gained strength for perhaps two hundred years, and notable acceleration after the fall of Constantinople in the year 1453, the sequent flight of scholars holding in their arms treasures of old Greek writers, and the settlement of these learned among Greek-studying, and hence Greek-loving, nations of Europe.

In the fifteenth century these western

nations were coming to harmony with the changed environment their awakened intelligence had created. Their world was moving in a new orbit and adapting itself to a new life. Outwardly, in the beautiful physical world invincibly established by Copernicus, they were stimulating their imagination by voyages and tales of undiscovered lands. Through such leaders as Erasmus, and directing learning into Christian channels, they were seeking interpretation of the wonderful human life before their eyes. The spiritual treasures which the stormy politics of the time had set free—gifts of the higher faculties of man—they were seizing and absorbing with the avidity of a youthful, ardent, seemingly insatiable emotion. And the new printing press was casting abroad seed ten thousand fold.

Now, one of the most thoroughly alive and active of European peoples in these fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was

the remotest towards the west. In all the stir and out-blossoming, the peoples of Britain, our ancestors, had grasped the old Greek idea of education afresh. They called it "The New Learning." Quite independently of what monasteries and nunneries had practised in years foregone, they seized it, this Greek idea of education, with such earnestness, taking it out of the world of theory and putting it in practice, that by the middle of the sixteenth century little English girls, in their country homes, were thinking, living, doing after Greek ethics. They were also reading Greek prose-poetry. In this fact is a point where our European ancestors surpassed the old Hellenes. For in Greece education had been for one half of humanity alone. Education of girls was purely domestic in Hellas. Highly educated women numbered few, and seem for the most part to have served for the entertainment and pleasure of men, not for substantial

influences on the great social will, and in the everyday home, family, clan, united and national life.

In our seeking results of this Renaissance of education, in England, this New Learning, we shall find most satisfying its working-out in concrete instances. These let us at once examine.

The home of Sir Thomas More, whose fine figure you remember as Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII, affords first instances. Sir Thomas believed in the education of women, and set forth his faith in advice to a friend; this, remember, must have been before 1535, for in that year he suffered death:

"May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent," he wrote in lively Latin verse, "nor always prattling nonsense. May she be learned, if possible. . . . A woman thus accomplished will always be drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all

changes of fortune, neither blown in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humored friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of men into the bosom of one so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. . . . You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute and prevent its melancholy from being painful."

A man with such sentiments about women would aptly be father of daughters who reflected his magnanimity. That illustrious woman we call Margaret Roper, "dearest Meg," "sweet Meg,"

Sir Thomas addressed her in his letters, was the eldest daughter of this high soul. Her beautiful and picturesque figure, whether in service of housekeeping, or in London streets bursting through the guard to speak once more to her father as he went to prison, we have all seen in our mind's eye, and with something of love and awe and heightened consciousness of what women have been and have done. Margaret "had a ready wit," says an old author, "quick conception, tenacious memory, a fine imagination, and was very happy in her sentiments and ways of expressing herself." Born in the year 1508, within the next two years her sisters Elizabeth and Cecilia followed her, both like her of many virtues and a singularly able intelligence.

In the house of More, on the banks of the Thames near London, there was also a kinswoman, Margaret Clement, a domestic in the household, whose letters Erasmus, chief scholar of his time, com-

mended for their good sense and chaste Latin.

Such women as these, when they married, took the same care of their children's education that others had taken of their own. We know this is especially true of Margaret Roper and of Margaret Clement, whose daughters carried the torch of the fundamental training of women into the next century.

In these days there was also Katherine Parr, to whose wisdom and balanced faculties the will of her husband, Henry VIII, bears lasting testimony. She, after her marriage to the king, zealously wrote Latin letters—and elegant Latin they were—that her desire of having the Bible understood by all the English people might be fulfilled.

Yet another instance of the sixteenth century educated woman is Elizabeth Tudor, born in 1533, afterwards queen. Of Elizabeth a master told who began teaching her Greek when she was only

fifteen, and continued even after she had come to the throne. "I believe," said this Roger Ascham, "that besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she readeth here at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber she hath obtained that excellency of learning, to understand, speak and write, both wittily with head and fair with hand, as scarce one or two wits in both universities have in many years reached unto."

"She was of an admirable ready wit," says another contemporary, "very skilful in all kinds of needlework, had an excellent ear in music, played well upon divers instruments. . . . The 5th of September, 1566, she on a sudden made an oration in Latin unto the whole University of Oxford, in the presence of the Spanish ambassador."

Jane Grey, also, that exquisite, poetic girl sacrificed to others' ambitions, enjoyed a not unlike education: "Before I went to Germany," wrote Ascham, "I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedingly much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading 'Phaedon Platonis' in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale of Boccaccio.

"After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me, 'I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.'

" 'And how came you madam,' quoth

I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?'

"'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to

Master Elmer,[1] who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whilst I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.' "

In intellectual training other women of the time were as happy. We have record that Joanna, daughter of the Earl of Arundel, translated orations of Isocrates and the Iphigenia of Euripides into English; and her sister, Mary, who married the Duke of Norfolk, turned Greek originals into Latin.

There was also the learned Margaret Ascham, who in 1570, two years after

[1] John Aylmer.

the death of her husband Roger, "to advance," she said, "the good that may come of it," published her husband's treatise which we know as "The Schoolmaster"—a book "concerning the right order of teaching and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of children and young men."

At this time, also, the four daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, tutor of Edward VI, became famous. To this day they are a wonder. The oldest, Mildred, born in 1526, married Lord Burghley, afterwards Lord Chancellor for Queen Elizabeth. Legend says she was so skilled in Greek that she delighted in the works of Basil, Chrysostom and other Greek Fathers. Upon her death, forty-two years after her marriage, her husband set down what he called "Meditations" upon her life, and in his writing said: "There is no cogitation to be used with an intent to recover that which never can be had again, that is, to have my

dear wife live again in her mortal body. . . . I ought to comfort myself with the remembrance of her many virtues and godly actions wherein she continued all her life."

Lord Burghley goes on to tell somewhat of these virtues and actions. His list amazes. For our edification we should oftener lead this great-hearted woman from the world of shades. Four times in the year, "without knowledge from whom it came," says her husband, she sent, to all the prisons in London, money to buy bread, cheese and drink for four hundred persons. In those days of irregular imprisonment—under the prison privations and horrors then possible—what eminent humanity!

Sundry times every year, also, she sent shirts and smocks to poor people. Also money to Oxford that fires might be kept in St. John's College on Sundays and holidays during winter, when without her gift poor scholars would have gone acold.

She sent, too, great numbers of books to Cambridge and Oxford. She gave out wool and flax to be distributed among women for making into yarns, and after the examination of their spinning, she often gave back the yarn for weaving into cloth. These were a part of that good woman's godly deeds.

A sister of hers, Anna, when only twenty-two, metaphrased from the Italian and published a book of sermons, and later she translated from the Latin Bishop Jewel's "Apologia," "the first methodical statement of the position of the Church of England against the Church of Rome," and sent her work to that reformer with a letter in Greek. And she became mother of a noble and notable Puritan, Anthony Bacon, and of his illustrious brother, Francis, Lord Chancellor.

A third of these sisters, Elizabeth, married Sir Thomas Hoby, famed as a diplomat and translator, and upon his

death took for her second husband Lord John Russel, on whose monument in Westminster she inscribed an epitaph in Greek, Latin and English. A son of hers was a confidential courtier of Queen Elizabeth. Katherine, the fourth sister, married Sir Henry Killigrew, who served Elizabeth in difficult diplomatic missions. She was famed for her knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and her own Latin verse.

You doubtless note that much emphasis falls on languages in the education of these sixteenth century women, especially upon Greek. All tendencies were then humanistic, we must remember. Greek had lately come to the world anew, and had astonished men with its wealth of ideas, its analyses and pictures of the varying phases of human experience. In its rich records the human mind seemed to fare in all directions.

Then, moreover, study of Greek was identified with the church reformation

782961

principle—a principle during the times of which we speak gaining tremendous headway. In the contest between ideas of local distribution of powers, and ideas of imperial concentration, Greek reasoning and Greek example afforded effective artillery to Protesters against religious imperialism. With the old church party lay in that century such dread of Greek scholarship that it worked out a hortative Latin proverb—"Cave a Graecis, ne fias haereticus," beware of the Greeks lest you be made a heretic.

Men and women of those days learned languages to enlarge their knowledge of what mankind had done, to broaden their interest in human achievement. Languages were to them a key to unlock treasures; a medium for gaining ideas and training to right thought. But we must not forget that women of the time also studied sciences, as sciences were then known. Astronomy figures often

in their curricula; physics, also, and philosophy and history.

But above all works the Bible in its Greek and Hebrew forms, attracted them. Those women dwelt, we must remember, in a world saturated for centuries with theology. They longed to attain, through their intellect, understanding of the mysteries of their emotional faith.[1] The world of their time put completest trust in special, plenary inspiration of the Hebrew scriptures —in whose account lay, let us not forget, the story fabulizing the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden, where the woman was more anxious than the man for the fruit.

We have been speaking of a few of the women of this brilliant century, women whose lives deepened its thought

[1] In all this ferment were those women studying Church Fathers forgetful of what Jerome with strict veracity, he said, recorded of the noble Paula and her daughter Eustochium?

and imagination and increased its radiance. Records of others we must pass by—and yet we would name Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke; Lady Magdalen, mother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and "holy George Herbert", and correspondent of John Donne; spirited Dorothy Osborne whose devotion blessed Sir William Temple; the erratic Lady Conway. But we must pass them all save one whom no ethics suffer us to omit—the celebrated Anne, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, who married the Earl of Dorset and afterwards the Earl of Pembroke. Her life, during from 1590 to 1676, linked the sixteenth with the seventeenth century, and in its early years had the felicity of a tutor in the poet Daniels, an intimate of Shakespeare. To many of us to-day she is identified as the woman of whom the vigorous-minded poet Donne, in one of those sudden, home-thrusting phrases which distinguish his work—in which

Donne said, "She knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination to sleasilk." To her Richard Brathwaite dedicated "The English Gentlewoman," published in 1631, "to her," he wrote, "whose true love to vertue hath highly ennobled herselfe, renowned her sexe, honoured her house."

"She had a clear soul shining through a vivid body," wrote another friend of hers, Edward Rainbowe, a man whose own mother numbered one more woman trained in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. "Although she was skilled in housewifery," Bishop Rainbowe goes on, "and in such things in which women are conversant, yet her penetrating wit soared up to pry into the highest mysteries . . . although she knew wool and flax, fine linen and silk, things appertaining to the spindle and distaff, yet she could open her mouth with wisdom."

Such were a few of many women who distinguished the sixteenth century.

Such, then, were the effects on womankind of the education of women. An old English author whose eyes saw and ears heard those living latest, a man who knew their works, characterizes these women in a book he published in 1694, and his characterization can not to-day be gainsaid: "When Learning first came up," and in this he refers to the Renaissance which we glimpsed in our first paragraphs of this essay, "When Learning first came up, Men fancied that every Thing could be done by it, and they were charmed with the Eloquence of its Professors, who did not fail to set forth all its Advantages in the most engaging Dress." "It was so very modish," our author goes on to say, that Plato and Aristotle, untranslated, were "frequent Ornaments of Women's Closets. One would think by the Effects that it was a proper Way of Educating of them, since there are no Accounts in History of so many very great Women

in any Age, as are to be found between the Years fifteen and sixteen hundred."[1]

But the substantial support upon which much of the success of this early education-of-women movement hinged, we must not overlook. These women were oftenest of parents gifted with the ample riches of inherited estates. They

[1] Not only in Britain and its legends of Margaret of Anjou and her sustained intrepidity and high-hearted struggle, but in other countries of Europe were many eminent women—Anne of Britanny, the two Margarets of Austria, others who had shown and were showing marked capabilities; and Marguerite of Navarre, chief patron of letters of the France of her time. A woman, in this sixteenth century, preached, according to records, in the cathedral of Barcelona; a French woman wrote on medical subjects; Italian women, such as Beatrice and Isabella d'Este, were learned in philosophy and jurisprudence; Olympia Morata filled her father's chair in the University of Ferrara while he was ill; Angela Merici went forth on a mission of education and founded an order of teachers. These were a few out of many. The movement penetrated even cloistered seclusion and later nuns, such as Maria of Agreda, 1603–1665, wrote, and sometimes printed, canticles on mystic subjects. The German Anna Maria von Schurmann, 1607–1678, skilled in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Chaldaic, Greek, published what is said to be the best exposition of tenets of a reformed, communistic congregation to which she belonged.

were able to employ tutors.[1] At the very time the women we have named became illustrious through their broadened lives, an inevitable sequent of humane learning, thousands of women with as great native abilities, doubtless, remained in uncultivated mental strength and seclusion because their worldly circumstances permitted no training, no education to distinguish them and grant their natural parts service. Even in the works of Francis Bacon, learned son of the learned Anna Cooke—in his reference to education Bacon had in mind men's education. We find no intimation that a proper training for life is the right of every child. Education for women in

[1] Since writing the above I have met the same facts stated in "The Boke named The Gouernour," by Sir Thomas Elyot, 1490–1546, "Men having substance in goods by certain and stable possessions, which they may apportionate to their own living and bringing up of their children in learning and vertues, may (if nature repugn not) cause them to be instructed and furnished toward the administration of a public weale, that a poor man's son, only by his natural wit, without other adminiculation or aid, never or seldom may attain to the semblable."

the sixteenth century was for those women rich enough to employ private instructors. They did not "set young maidens to grammar schools," wrote a famous schoolmaster, Richard Mulcaster, whose works lie in the latter half of the sixteenth century, "it was a thing not used in my country."

But in the next century, the seventeenth, there came an overturn in the idea of women's education, even in the education of women of wealth and leisure. Why? What had happened? The rule "They are most firmly good, that best know why" of the Elizabethan Sir Thomas Overbury had not failed. After the world had seen the noble works and distinguished excellence of those women of the sixteenth century, what could take such opportunities away?

During the sixteenth century fashion had stamped education. Fashion is fickle, and now withdrew her approval. Education ebbed low in England in the

seventeeth century. Intellectual life for men as well as women had lost true significance.[1]

The seventeenth century was the century of the Stuarts in England, and English life, especially in the later half-century, suffered spiritual and material maladies. Poison of the royal court spread throughout the people. And the later Stuart fashion was not for learning; nor for thinking; nor for honest, upright, unselfish life; nor for searching any ancient writ whatever. Rakes of both sexes held broad sway—for in-

[1] Even the two universities stood at a low level of intellectual strength—in such inefficiency, in fact, that men were for many years, and in many places, discussing and determining the function of a university, till, in the next century, they had come, in the person of Dr. John Arbuthnot in "An Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning," 1700, to laying down laws about what we now judge past discussion, viz.: "Nobody at an University is to be taught the practice of any rule without the true and solid reason and demonstration of the same . . . an University . . . is designed for solid and true Learning. . . . It is from the Universities that they must come, who are to remedy the defects of the Arts, and therefore nothing must be taken on trust there."

stance, the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nell Gwyn, and their companion libertine, the king. To such creatures education in any phase was oftenest a mark for gibes, the mental stimulation and training of women a butt for scurrilities. It was, wrote Dryden who was of it, a "lubrique and adult'rate age."

In foregone centuries nunneries had served as "she-schools" "wherein," said Thomas Fuller in his Church History, "the girls and maids of the neighborhood were taught to read and work." Such training young women needed, for "the sharpness of their wits and the suddenness of their conceits, which their enemies must allow unto them," declared the ever-worthy divine, "might by education be improved into a judicious solidity, and that adorned with arts which now they want, not because they cannot learn but are not taught them." This of seventeenth century daughters. Seven-

teenth century sons their parents of ample means trained somewhat lightly, by private tutors.[1] To raise the plane of the boys' instruction clear-eyed, thoughtful men wrote treatises on education that are distinguished to our day. For they recognized the fall from the elevation of the sixteenth century generations, and its meaning to the life of the nation.

But Milton's tractate, published in 1644, plans only for what Milton names "our noble and gentle youth," and calls "a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and

[1] Obvious results of these conditions Swift reported in the next century, in his "Essay on Modern Education"; "The current opinion prevails that the study of Greek and Latin is loss of time; that the public schools, by mingling sons of noblemen with those of the vulgar, engage the former in bad company; that whipping breaks the spirit of lads well born; that universities make young men pedants; that to dance, fence, speak French, and know how to behave yourself among great persons of both sexes, comprehends the whole duty of a gentleman."

war." Not in all the learned concision of the tract is there one glimpse of education for women, nor for the youth and men less prosperous in worldly goods. The development of these two ideas, the education of women and of the people at large, was fated to hang together.

Three years after Milton's publication, the distinguished economist, Sir William Petty, first English advocate of elementary trade schools and of other instruction of a practical character for the democratic whole, declared that "all Children of above seven years old may be presented to" the education he advocated, "none to be excluded by reason of the poverty and unability of their Parents, for thereby it hath come to passe, that many are now holding the Plough, which might have beene made fit to steere the State."

Sir William Petty probably first in England argued for teaching girls domestic science. One more quotation

from "The Advice of W. P. to Mr. Samuel Hartlib for The Advancement of some Particular Parts of Learning," 1647. "We see Children," he says, "to delight in Drums, Pipes, Fiddels, Guns made of Elder-sticks and bellowes noses, piped Keyes, etc., for painting Flags and Ensignes with Elder-berries and Corn-poppy, making ships with Paper, and setting even Nut-shells a swimming, handling the tooles of workemen as soone as they turne their backs, and trying to worke themselves, fishing, fowling, hunting, setting sprengs and traps for birds and other animals, making pictures in their writing bookes, making Tops, Gigs, and Whirligigs . . . with a million more besides. And for the Females, they will be making Pyes with Clay, making their Babies Clothes, and dressing them therewith, they will spit leaves on sticks, as if they were roasting meate, they will imitate all the talke and Actions which they observe in their Mother and her

Gossips. . . . By all which it is most evident that Children do most naturally delight in things and are most capable of learning them."

During this seventeenth century, also, John Locke, in his rich and suggestive "Thoughts on Education" recognized the fact that the word "children" meant youngsters of both sexes. "The mention of girls" brings sound advice for their physical being. But Locke's directions for teaching and training for life is for boys—till "the young gentleman being got within view of matrimony, it is time to leave him to his mistress." But not a word of the training of the mind and emotion of the girl in whose charge and direction his social system permitted the young man to be "left."

An approximately true attitude of the best this seventeeth century could offer toward the education of women is illustrated by "The English Gentleman" and "The English Gentlewoman," books

Richard Brathwaite put out about 1631. For the English gentleman is a chapter on the values of education. For the English gentlewoman not a vestige, except the dedication to which we have referred.

Another book also makes clear that century's estimates—a book by the profoundly world-wise first Marquis of Halifax, published in 1688, the "Lady's New Year Gift, or Advice to a Daughter." It is a series of essays treating of a wealthy woman's everyday government of herself toward religion, husband, family, children, domestics, and speaking of conversation, friendship, censure, vanity and affectation, pride, diversions, dancing, but advising nothing of that substance which, in the century before, the sixteenth, was thought desirable and essential for women of fine breeding—a training in sound sentiment and general knowledge, the substance of books seri-

ously treating the physical and spiritual world.

The wit and reputation of the Marquis of Halifax, his knowledge of men and manners, his strength of characterization, the times' scarcity of printed matter recognizing women's need of advisory instruction, sent his "Advice" through many editions in its own English and in translations. Pointed, epigrammatic phrases mark the work, as one might expect from the author's vivacious social life. For instance, in advising "my dear" to cleave to a broad, rational faith in which she had been bred, he says, "Religion is exalted reason, refined and sifted from the grosser parts of it." "It is Morality improved and raised to its height."[1] This daughter for whom Lord Halifax affectionately wrote his

[1] A sentence, it is curious to recall, forerunning by almost two centuries Matthew Arnold's oft-repeated definition of religion as morality touched by emotion.

book, later became mother of a son who grew to be the worldly and brilliant Lord Chesterfield. The estimate this son made of his mother and her human sisters you shall see further on.

One more testimony from this seventeenth century, and that from the works of the ardent Bishop Burnet, whose busybody proclivities immeasurably hurt the cause of the education of women. His autobiography, 1710 (?), written toward the end of his arduous life,[1] tells of the education of "my children," of "my sons," but makes not mention of his two daughters. And then in his essay on Queen Mary of England, wife of Prince William of Orange, the bishop unconsciously expresses himself by what he does not say. Queen Mary, he wrote after her death, "had read the best books in the three languages that were almost equally familiar to her." "Next to the

[1] His "Thoughts on Education" were published about 1668, when he was still a young man.

best subjects," that is religion, "she bestowed most of her time on books of history. . . . She was a good judge as well as a great lover of poetry. . . . So tender she was of poetry, . . . that she had a particular concern in the defilement, or rather the prostitution of the Muses among us." In this last sentence the bishop must refer to the drama of their day. "She went far in natural history and perspective," he continues, "as she was very exact in geography. She thought sublime things too high flights for the sex"—by these last two words the bishop means women. "The sex" "she oft talked of with a liberty that was very lively,"[1] further testifies her ecclesiastical friend.

It would be interesting to match the

[1] This phrase, "a liberty that was very lively," recalls the second line of a popular rhyme characterizing the royal family of that day:

"King William thinks all,
Queen Mary talks all,
Prince George drinks all,
And Princess Anne eats all."

queen's lively talk against the convictions of a subject of her realm, Mary Astell, whose influence in all the years since that time has far transcended that of the queen. When Mary, the narrow-natured queen, was talking "with a liberty that was very lively," Mary, the large-natured subject, was making profound deductions upon conditions controlling their country-women.

But before we take up the work of this great-hearted English woman, Mary Astell, and the enduring significance of what she said and did, let us turn for a moment to France and to the then French attitude toward educating women.

In the sixteenth century, Montaigne addressed his distinguished essay, "On the Education of Children," to a woman, Diana of Foix. The writing was doubtless in behalf of Diana's son, and evidences most engagingly, with citations from learned ancients and also authors

of Montaigne's own time, what should serve to prepare youth for polite life.

Later in France, between the years 1618 and 1650, the abilities of a woman with a marked gift of social organization, whom we know as the Marquise de Rambouillet, very successfully brought together at her house diverse elements of life in the French capital. Through the foundation of such a union women became a distinct power and influence. Instances pertained precisely as in England:—Wealth was able to command instruction and to give daughters a thoroughly careful education. Such learning had been possible to the coterie centring at the Hotel Rambouillet and working a lasting influence on French letters—stamping French letters with a spirit remaining to our day. Among the members was the sensible and proper Madeleine Scudéry, 1607–1701; the Madame de Sévigné, 1626–1696, whose guardian followed fashion and made her a learned

lady; also her wise and intimate life-long friend, Madame de la Fayette, 1634–1692, first of modern novel-writers definitely to draw character and sentiment.

Doubtless a result of the dominance of the Hotel Rambouillet assemblies was the attempt at broadening the education of French women generally—the attempt seen, for instance, in Fontenelle's "Plurality of Worlds." In form of conversations between a scientist and a woman, this book trades upon the knowledge that a title, even in France, would catch the popular ear, and it makes the woman a marchioness. "I have introduced a lady, to be instructed in things of which she never heard," say Fontenelle in his preface, "and I have made use of this fiction to render the book the more acceptable and give encouragement to gentlewomen"—note the encouragement is to *gentlewomen,* not to women—"by the example of one of their sex, who without any supernatural parts or tinc-

ture of learning, understood what was said to her. . . . I shall desire no more of the fair sex than that they will read this system of philosophy, with the same application that they do a romance or novel when they would retain the plot, or find out all its beauties."

In France at this time lived a born teacher, Madame de Maintenon, a woman happiest when instructing, to whom fate had granted the training of children of Louis XIV. In the later eighties of this seventeenth century, after Madame de Maintenon had become the wife of Louis XIV, she founded the school-convent, St. Cyr, for poverty-stricken, noble-blooded French girls—for their instruction in the conduct of life. The ideas she used as basis of her work had already gone forth from English Milton and Locke; and especially they were in the less ordered "Advice" of the Marquis of Halifax. She seized upon and applied suggestions of these writers, and

in 1692 published her first "Avis aux Demoiselles." With French brightness and artful lightness she put her advices in the form of dialogues—on such subjects as devotion, good humor, friendships, generosity, habit; or entitles by proverbs, as "the opportunity makes the thief," "familiarity breeds contempt." Delighting to teach, this woman kept up her instruction into the next century, to 1715 or later.

Now let us turn back to England. In this seventeenth century there had been, we have seen, distinguished writings on education from Milton, Petty, Locke. After schoolmaster methods and experience others, also, were not lacking, for instance Charles Hoole's. But among them all words advocating solid and substantial provender for girls' minds are difficult to find—except, perchance, those of Sir William Petty's offering. Women growing to grace in these times and

subject to, or voluntarily seeking, the discipline and rich mindedness of the preceding century were few, and undoubtedly in families where traditions of the sixteenth century "New Learning" still abode.

Yet, this century had women whose native genius was not lost. There was the exuberant, erratic Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, with a fertile pen. There was the learned Dorothy Pakington, to whom for many years report ascribed the famous book "The Whole Duty of Man." Among its numbers was Katharine Philips, born in 1631, friend of Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Cowley and Henry Vaughn, a poetess called "matchless" by her associates, "perfect mistress of the French tongue," an old author declares, learned also in Italian—a lady whom smallpox carried off before she had reached middle age. She "owed not her glory to a beauteous face."

"It was her radiant soul that shone within,
Which struck a lustre through her outward skin;
That did her lips and cheeks with roses dye,
Advanced her height, and sparkled in her eye."

Anne Killigrew, who penned this description of a sister singer, died also in these times, in her twenty-fifth year, she too from the terrible scourge of our ancestors [1]—and of her Dryden sang a song of sentiment so elevated and expression so exquisite, that Dr. Johnson thought it the noblest ode in our language:

"Art she had none," sang Dryden, "yet wanted none,
For nature did that want supply . . .

[1] The decimating variola some other women recovered from—as Dorothy Osborne just before her marriage to William Temple, but with loss of her beauty; and Lucy Apsley before her union with her devoted John Hutchinson, "whose constancy God recompensed by restoring her as well as she was before."

Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd where 'twas only born."

But in the latter part of this seventeenth century, at the home of a merchant of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, were growing a heart and mind not quite understood of the then poets, and of a sort despised by the reigning court. While Madame de Maintenon was working out her practical experiment, of which we have spoken, at St. Cyr in France, Mary Astell was maturing ideas for the education of English girls. To both English and French reformer Locke's great essay must have been rich in suggestion. Doubtless Mary Astell read the work, published in 1690, when she was about twenty-two, an age when life turns to ideals and judgment ripens for future work.

Mary Astell was without the self-distrust and timidity that afflict women whose lives are secluded. She had the

character that forced what she thought upon the world. She had also the unusual capacity of generating ideas, a rarer gift than is commonly supposed. She had a mother wit. Of one of her books, "Essays in Defence of the Female Sex," published in 1696, she said, "most men pronounce it a performance above the ability of a woman," "think the style too masculine," but she "makes bold to advance that let them form themselves with equal care, by the same models, and they will no more be able to discern a man's style from a woman's than they can tell whether this was written with a goose quill or a gander's."

Now, in the year 1697, this educated, large-minded woman, then twenty-nine years old, sympathetic with the needs of her generation, understanding estimates that had hardened and narrowed the minds of her countrymen during the seventeenth century just coming to an end, moved by the lamentable lack of

facilities for women's education in her day, this Mary Astell published in a "Serious Proposal to the Ladies for the Advancement of Their True and Greatest Interests" plans for the formation of a women's college. There were, you will see, two great distinguishing marks in this proposal; one, the democratic idea of education for many, for those unable to afford specific and costly instruction, the giving to many advantages theretofore reserved for the few; and the other, the idea of the bringing forward the personality of women, the right of a woman to develop herself.

In Miss Astell's own words her plan was "to erect . . . a retreat from the world for those who desire that advantage, but likewise an institution and previous discipline to fit us to do the greatest good in it"—the world. That is the keynote of her proposal for a women's college—to fit us to do the greatest good in the world. What better

shall we find anywhere? An eminent philosopher, Herbert Spencer, has told us that the function of education is "to prepare us for complete living." How better is this definition than Mary Astell's? His is couched in scientific phrase, hers in literary. Both are alike, and both bear like fruits. Hers foreruns his by more than two hundred and fifty years.

"No vows nor irrevocable obligations," continued Miss Astell, were to keep the members longer than they desired. There was to be "a course of solid, instructive preaching and catechizing," for "ignorance and a narrow education lay the foundation of vice." You see her plan sketches a college not unlike our modern houses of deaconesses. Learning, however, was to prevail over religious offices, and that marks the secularity of her idea.[1]

[1] "I have often heard," wrote Miss Astell in her "Essay in Defence of the Female Sex," "I have often

Mary Astell's proposal was before the world the last of the seventeeth century. Fashion and its prejudices, "the usurpation of men and the tyranny of custom," Miss Astell wrote, were against its acceptance. "The men, by interest and inclination, are so generally engaged against us," she said, "that it is not to be expected that any one man of wit should arise so generous as to engage in our quarrel and to be the champion of

heard some of our considerable merchants blame the conduct of our countrymen in this point, that they breed our women so ignorant of business; whereas were they taught arithmetic and other arts which require not much bodily strength, they might supply the places of abundance of lusty men now employed in sedentary business; which might be a mighty profit to the nation, by sending those men to employments where hands and strength are more required, especially at this time when we are in such want of people. Besides that it might prevent the ruin of many families, which is often occasioned by the death of merchants in full business leaving their accounts perplexed and embroiled to a widow and orphans understanding nothing of the husband's and father's business. That occasions the rending and oftentimes the utter confounding of a fair estate; which might be prevented if the wife but understood merchants' accounts and were acquainted with the books."

our sex against the injuries and oppressions of his own. Those romantic days are over, and there is not so much as a Don Quixote of the quill left to succor distressed damsels."

But a knight did appear, a knight not in inherited armor, but from the people, a foresighted journalist and sympathizer with losing causes, Daniel Defoe, from boyhood an uncompromising fighter in the war of the liberation of humanity. Defoe advocated high schools for girls. He amply acknowledged the ingenuity of Miss Astell's plan, and set forth his own ideas of how the college building should be situated "to render intriguing dangerous"—heaven save the mark!—and what the general regulations of an academy for women should be. He would have an act of parliament making it a felony without clergy for a man to enter by force or fraud into its house.

"I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the

world," declared Defoe, "that we deny the advantages of learning to women. . . . Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew and make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names or so, and that is the height of a woman's education. . . . The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the lustre of it will never appear; and it is manifest that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction and makes some less brutish than others. . . . Why, then, should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities." It "looks as if we denied women the advantages of education for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements." "The great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world

between men and women is in their education. . . . I can not think God furnished them with . . . souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks and slaves." What better knight of the quill could Mary Astell have found?

Reinforced by Defoe's "Essay," Miss Astell's suggestions were before the eyes of English readers by 1699. Three years passed and Anne came to the throne. Plans of a college for women appealed to this queen. They appealed, also, to other women so established in worldly goods as to be able to express their convictions through material gifts. Such women publicly endorsed the idea of the college and offered money for its realization.

Of all these foreworkers, the one whose identification with the proposal has been best preserved to us was the beautiful and exemplary Lady Elizabeth Hastings,

a born idealist, a woman of marked personality, an inheritor of a considerable fortune—that woman of whom Richard Steele wrote his famous "to love her is a liberal education . . . it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover." This Elizabeth Hastings offered a considerable sum to the new women's college, toward its material expression. "The scheme given in Miss Astell's proposal seemed so reasonable," said one of her contemporaries, "and wrought so far upon a certain great lady, that she had designed to give ten thousand pounds towards erecting a sort of college for the education and improvement of the female sex; and as a retreat for these ladies who, nauseating the parade of the world, might here find a happy recess from the noise and hurry of it. But the design coming to the ears of Bishop Burnet"—this is the Bishop Burnet, remember, whose essay on Queen Mary

told of his lack of sympathy with radical ideas of his time [1]—this Bishop Burnet "immediately sent to that lady," Elizabeth Hastings, "and so powerfully remonstrated against it . . . that he utterly frustrated the noble design."

A spiritual adviser, in other words, appealed to Elizabeth Hastings' idealism. Her idealism worked through religious lines. The women's college lost her gift, without which it could not establish itself. Eventually she bequeathed to Queen's College, Oxford, a large sum to support "poor scholars" from twelve schools. It would be interesting to know if this gift to Oxford, a gift which to this day affords educational opportunities to men, not to women, was money Elizabeth Hastings had originally determined to appropriate to Mary Astell's women's college.

[1] Writers of the bishop's own time say he was untruthful and indulged in malicious insinuation. For instance, Swift wrote "Malice" alongside Burnet's account of Prior's start in life.

Rakish writers of those times, also, invoked conservative sentiment and threw their influence with that of the bishop. The famous *Tatler* published, insolently says its introduction, "for entertainment of the fair sex in honor of whom I have invented the title," used the potent weapon of ridicule against the plan of a college. Some real, or fancied, condition of women was often the butt of Richard Steele, *The Tatler's* chief writer; "the most agreeable rake," said a man of his day, "who ever trod the rounds of indulgence."[1]

The *Tatler* of the 23rd of June, 1709, jeered at Miss Astell, sketched her under the names of "Platonne" and "Madonella," and in the lubric expression common to the periodical, mocked at the college she had suggested. The wits treated the scheme with the sort of criti-

[1] "I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man," wrote Steele in *The Tatler's* last number (271), "but at the same time must confess, my life at best is but pardonable."

cism Swift called "coffee-house." Not all their story, dated by the way from White's Chocolate-house,[1] is to-day printable, according to present ideas of decency. This, however, is the outline:

A troop of wags and libertines make their way into the grounds of the college presided over by "Madonella," "projectrix of the foundation," on the pretence, after "travelling England," of wishing to bear the fame of "a Protestant nunnery" to foreign lands. With great show of "solemn impudence" the invaders win over the inmates, and the broad humor of the story makes it plain that the sequent parental lives of the women and the wags wiped out the college. You see the tale meant to make the ideal absurd.

A few weeks after this elegant irony *The Tatler* again refers to "Madonella" as having "laid a scheme of a

[1] "The common rendezvous," says Swift in his "Essay on Modern Education," "of infamous sharpers and noble cullies."

college for young damsels; where (instead of scissors, needles, and samplers), pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew are to take up their time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some light and valuable weapons," says the ridiculer, "and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics."

Such attention from *The Tatler* evidence that serious discussion of women's intellectual training affected its world. Mary Astell's ideas had been planted in the English people's mind—not a warm soil, nor one ready at stimulating new seed, but a soil, when once a vigorous thought has enrooted, lending nourishment for sure, steady growth.

This implanting, we must remember, happened at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when literature was

finding new expression and new activities. In writers who made the Queen Anne and immediately later times famous, we may expect to find witnesses of the germination of Miss Astell's ideas. Such were bringing messages. For instance, while debauchees and pleasure-haunters of London were ridiculing education for women, Mary Pierrepont—we know her better as Lady Mary Wortley Montague—was making her translation of Epictetus, and in July, 1710—she then numbered barely twenty-one years—was sending it to Bishop Burnet. "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature," she said in the letter that went with the manuscript, "and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked

upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with." How much that that young soul discriminatingly saw more than two hundred years ago is apt for us to-day!

The new ideas Joseph Addison also reflects in the *Spectator* of 1711. "Women's amusements seem contrived for them," says Mr. Addison, "rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures. . . . The toilet is their scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an

excursion to a mercer's or a toyshop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders."

Ordinary women, continued Mr. Addison, in a later *Spectator,* ordinary women "consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their

heads with nothing but colors, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life than the solid and substantial blessings of it. . . . In a word, lace and ribbons, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles."

Mary Astell's ideas worked still further in Mr. Addison's mind, as the *Guardian* of 1713, September 8th, evinces. In reading the quotations, note how completely the most accomplished literary critic of his generation seems to have forgotten the illumination of the women of the sixteenth century. "I have often wondered," says Addison, "that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improvable minds as the male part

of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?" Why, indeed?

Years passed in these eighteenth century discussions of the women's question. Negation such as Bishop Burnet's and Richard Steele's once more gained voice. The great genius of Jonathan Swift witnesses. In his admirably cogent "Essay on Modern Education" Swift speaks not a word about the education of women, nor of boys at large—of rich and noble boys alone. Moreover, in his paper "Of the Education of Ladies" he says, "In this debate those whom we call men and women of fashion are only to be understood, not merchants, tradesmen, or others of such occupations, who are not supposed to have a share in a liberal education." This from Swift, a man of tender and sympathetic heart for the benighted and oppressed! But in

what we quote he undoubtedly reflected all he saw and heard.

Lord Chesterfield, a man whose fame now rests upon his "Letters," set out still more pronounced opposition to Mary Astell's ideas. Chesterfield, you will recall, was grandson of that Marquis of Halifax whose book of "Advice to a Daughter," is referred to on foregoing page 114. Fifty years after his grandsire had written, Chesterfield assumed—let us call it by its right name, it was pure assumption even if he was a man of brilliant wit and solid knowledge—Chesterfield assumed to lay out a "Female Province," "whatever," he magnificently declared "has not been particularly assigned by nature to ours" —to men's. "Man's Province," he had already proclaimed, "is universal, and comprehends everything, from the culture of the earth, to the government of it." "I leave 'em," he magnanimously declares, as if the partition of human life

and work lay at his will, "I leave 'em [women] a mighty empire, *Love*. There they reign absolutely, and by unquestioned right, while beauty supports their throne. They have all the talents requisite for that soft empire, and the ablest of our sex can not contend with 'em in the profound knowledge and conduct of those arcana." Continuing his theme he takes a glance at women in some other phase than beauty ruling her empire, and serenely posits that those "who are deposed by years, or accidents, or those who by nature were never qualified to reign, should content themselves with the private care and economy of their families, and the diligent discharge of domestic duties."

Such balderdash *Common Sense, or The Englishman's Journal,* of London, printed in the year 1737. To a reader of to-day it carries no evidence that Lord Chesterfield had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote it—that like some of our

own times' writers he was trying to stifle thought by pretty and pretentious buffooneries, by saying nothings elaborately. The impudence with which he would mould the lives of half the human race he solemnly conceals. Later by some eleven years, his real estimate of women he set out in those "Letters" which are still a marvel of parental love, ambition for offspring, and exquisite observation of human life—letters which create in the mind of the reflective reader horror at possible results of the inculcation of graces of manner. The following is a part of what he said. In saying it he not only made plain the mask that Chesterfield himself wore, but published also the artificiality of his times. Bear in mind, when reading it, that the son to whom this father wrote was then sixteen years old:

"Women, then, are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but for solid

reasoning, good sense, I never knew one in my life that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together. . . . Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age increased, or their supposed understandings depreciated, instantly kindles their little passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct, that in their most reasonable moments they might have been capable of forming. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humors and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child; but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with serious matters; though he often makes them believe that he does both; which is the thing in the world that they are proud of; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which by the way they always spoil); and being justly distrustful, that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man, who talks more seriously

to them, and who seems to consult them; I say, who seems; for weak men really do, but wise men only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or two low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan. Women who are either indisputably beautiful, or indisputably ugly, are best flattered upon the score of their understandings: but those who are in a state of mediocrity, are best flattered upon their beauty, or at least their graces; for every woman, who is not absolutely ugly, thinks herself handsome; but not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful, and the more obliged to the few who tell her so: whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty only as her due; but wants to shine, and to be considered on the side of her understand-

ing. . . . It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please and flatter them: and never to discover the least marks of contempt, which is what they never forgive."

Poor Lord Chesterfield! His characterization betrays such a warping of soul that it is not worth analysis, or refutation. What could any woman of sense do but turn it aside with such merry words as Portia's: "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth I know it is a sin to be a mocker: But he!!!" In all Chesterfield wrote in this "Letter," there is, you see, no thought that human nature is pliant, ductile, a stampable thing, that it responds to its environment—in short, that the women this astute man of the world sketched reflected their training and the men who surrounded them—that their world demanded falsities and lies and they had met the call. And yet Chesterfield had human sympathies, as those last words

he spoke testify; when a visitor entered and he had only life enough to murmur "Give Dayrolles a chair."

Starting out with a lately published plan for a women's college, venturing under Queen Anne to put the plan into material expression, the eighteenth century had, when more than a third of its course was run, come to this estimate of Chesterfield's. Its years that followed brought manifold contentions for and against the education of women. There were many besmirched reputations—it was an age when Dunciads and Letters easily blackened names, in allusion, for instance, to Mary Montague, Eliza Haywood, Susanna Centlivre; and when Pope aggravated his verse reference by author's notes upon the "profligate licentiousness of scribblers (for the most part of that sex which ought least to be capable of such malice and impudence)." Still, whatever the report we may rest assured of one truth—the women were

as good as the men who vilified them and made them a target for slander.

Out of the countless dead of the time rise a close contemporary of Mary Astell, who was also a noteworthy poet, Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea; and famous and witty Catherine Barton, niece of Sir Isaac Newton, "to whom he gave the best of education," testifies a relative—Catherine Barton to whom Swift in letters to Stella repeatedly refers, "I love her better than anybody," he at one time wrote. Then there was the charming Molly Lepell, wife of Lord Hervey—the "Lord Fanny" and "Sporus" of Pope.

Schools, builded somewhat after the old-time convent model, were now not uncommon for women. That genial Scotsman, author of the "Art of Political Lying" and the tracts of "John Bull," Dr. John Arbuthnot, in his "Manifesto of Lord Peter" as to characteristics of a consort, addressed "all

Mistresses of Boarding-Schools''—which proves such schools. Ideals and ideas informing their instruction stand forth fairly in *The Rambler* of 1751, when Dr. Samuel Johnson tells of "Mrs. Busy . . . married at eighteen from a boarding-school, where she had passed her time like other young ladies, in needlework, with a few intervals of dancing and reading." Schools like this at which "Mrs. Busy" was bred, produced women of types depicted in Fanny Burney's "Evelina," in Jane Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw," in Regina Roche's "Children of the Abbey"—women characters who complemented the desperate, cadaverous, mystery-fraught villains of the later Ann Radcliffe, precursor in the art of exciting narrative.

No sketch of any subject discussed in the last half of the eighteenth century would be wholly human without witnessing what the Leviathan of Literature declared. Just now we heard him telling

of Mrs. Busy. Of the education of women Boswell reports him saying: "Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. . . . Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge. . . . Men know that women are an overmatch for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant. If they did not think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves." "He told me," solemnly adds Boswell, "he was serious in what he said."

Elizabeth Carter, celebrated for her solid learning, possibly embodied the great Cham's estimate of what a woman might be. She "could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus," said the Doctor, "and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." Two other women of that day we should also call back by mentioning—Elizabeth Griffith, playwright and novelist and editor of

earlier women novelists, and Frances Brooke, ingenious and versatile writer of essays, novels and drama.

While these women were at work, Dr. David Fordyce published, 1745, a "Plan of Female Education." Dr. Fordyce meant women's education—*female* at that being a not uncommon vulgarity for *woman*. Mary Astell's ideas, you see, were still turning and forcing to expression the thought of the time; "It seems the fate of our weak sex to be always treated like children. You throw us fine toys and gewgaws, to amuse us, and when you see us taken with the shining trifles, you carry us off in triumph, and reduce us under the orders of domestic discipline."

In this "Plan," the ideally educated woman was trained by a tutor and guardian, who allowed her "to go sometimes into his study, and look in his books, though he would have me very sober in the use of them," the ideal explained,

"for he thinks a woman in a very dangerous way who runs after the secrets of learning." This guardian was "willing to gratify her curiosity, as long as she kept within due bounds." What "due bounds" in learning are no power, save papal, has ever yet had the temerity to define, though several have ventured, and unnumbered men and women have stood as sacrifices to the restriction. The "female education" of Dr. Fordyce's "Plan" was, it is plain, a considerable advance on what Chesterfield and his mental, and sentimental, kindred had announced.

About the time Dr. Johnson was uttering the sententia we have quoted, John Bethune's "Essay on Education" again reverted to old prejudices. Women "well deserve all the advantage that can be had from books, in the way of entertainment or improvements suited to them," wrote Mr. Bethune, as if he had communication with Omniscience and

knew what were "suited to them," "yet they have more powerful charms to recommend than those of letters"—an echo, you see, of the sex-suggestion that distinguished Chesterfield in his writings quoted a few pages back, and a squint of Chesterfield's afflictive myopia; an evidence, too, how we humans pass on ideas, evil as well as good. "Though nothing is here said of the education of the ladies in particular," the author continues, "yet it is a very fit object of general attention, in itself, and in respect to its influence . . . by their having almost sole charge of children in the beginning of life, and no small share of their education afterwards." Smug mediocrity essaying to speak of what it shows itself too ignorant to measure!—smug pretence expressing itself in platitudes and jejune English! To Mr. Bethune the education of one-half of the human race was "a very fit object of general attention" because that half had sole charge

of children and no small share of their after training.

The education of women was now thoroughly bespoken—in spite of John Bethunes. Catherine Macaulay continued its advance when she petitioned, in 1790, in her "Letters on Education" against the "degrading differences in the culture of the understanding" of boys and girls—which "can only suit with the notion of a positive inferiority in the intellectual powers of the female mind." "Confine not the education of your daughters to what is regarded as the ornamental parts of it," she begged, "amusement and instruction of boys and girls ought to be the same." And Mistress Macaulay's sister-worker, Hannah More, declared, "I call education not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to confirm a fine and regular system of character—that which tends to form a friend, a companion and a wife.

I call education not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, diverts the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self-denial, and more especially that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes and passions to common sense."

These, then, were estimates modern centuries have recorded of the education of women; the sixteenth with its splendor of educated gentlewomen; the seventeenth with the early waning and final eclipse of such light; the eighteenth starting out with endeavor, under Queen Anne, to put lately published plans of women's colleges into material expression, in its unfolding years bringing to the world many contentions for and against the education of women, and finally in its French Revolution proclaiming the "Rights of Man." Sequent of

the "Rights of Man"—the rights of women—the nineteenth was to embody in its democracy, in its application of long-standing ideas of education, and in its founding of women's colleges.[1]

[1] Discourses upon the injustices of the narrow education of women found publication at times in our American, New England, papers of the colonial period, and pioneers in broader opportunities now and then founded a "Female Academy"—for instance, that of Miss Pierce in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1792—after the country had again settled to civil life. But the general temper for fifty years after the Revolution speaks in the Johnsonian English of a letter to the *Evening Post* of New York:

May 19, 1814.

Mr. Editor,

Having seen a public notice in your paper that the anniversary of the Philo Lexian Society was to be celebrated on Tuesday evening, my curiosity led me to the place; nor was I ever more highly gratified. The speakers inspired by the charms of a numerous and brilliant female audience, and encouraged by the confidence which attention naturally creates, poured forth their sentiments in a style of truly animated eloquence. With respect to the Forensic, on the question, "Ought the benefits of a liberal education to be extended to the Female sex?" we may safely affirm that a more suitable or more interesting subject could not have been chosen. It was argued with the greatest spirit and energy. Nor do we believe that the cause of the sex was often more justly or more ably defended, both as to strength of reasoning and beauty of language, than by its youthful advocate.

Nearly one hundred years before the great cataclysm of the French Mary Astell had sown the seed. That is the way an idea grows in the slow-moving, secular processes of the social mind, in the progress of the spirit of a people. First, there is the inception of the idea in hearts and minds peculiarly fertile for its seeding. The idea is produced, that is, by some conjunction of circumstances peculiarly fitting for its formation—in the mind of some one of capacity to generate ideas. Oftenest its proclamation to the world is simple—almost all greatness has Nazarene-like foundation; "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." Doctors of convention meet and press forward the old as the only rational practice, and

The feeling and interest with which their cause was espoused by him, evidently shewed, as the respondent very justly remarked, that he too was in search of his lovely Lucilla.

A FEMALE SPECTATOR.

declare the new subversive of the very foundations of the social temple. Cheek by jowl with the idea walk negation and scoff. But scoffs die out, and after generations the idea finds sturdy growth.

This history happened in the evolution of the collegiate education of women. I have here shown how the idea was set forth, how in measure it fared at the hands of the doctors, and we are now at the point where its success was assured. With Mary Astell the education of women as a distinct, formulated idea begins its progress. Let us turn back to her once more and see what contemporaries said of her:

A "great ornament of her sex and country," one called her. Another said she had "a piercing wit, a solid judgment, and a tenacious memory." She "showed by her own example what great things and excellences her sex was capable of," declared another. The turbulent Dr. Atterbury, a chief grace

of whose life was a singularly tender affection for his refined and highly educated daughter [1]—Dr. Atterbury is reported praising Miss Astell's "sensible and rational way of writing." Her book, "Reflections upon Marriage," published in 1700, a man of her time claims to have been written "with a vast deal of wit and smartness," and to make perhaps "the strongest defence that ever yet appeared in print of the *rights* and *abilities* of the fair sex." [2] The italics

[1] "My Dear Heart," he addressed her in his letters, "'Tis impossible to express the tenderness and concern with which I think of you always," he once wrote to her.

[2] A short quotation from an appendix to the fourth edition of this book will give further evidence of Mary Astell's acute reasoning. In reading it we must bear in mind that she wrote in Queen Anne's time:

"'Tis true, through want of learning, and of that superior genius which men, as men, lay claim to, she [the author] was ignorant of the natural inferiority of our sex, which our masters lay down as a self-evident and fundamental truth. She saw nothing in the reason of things, to make this either a principle or a conclusion, but much to the contrary; it being sedition at least, if not treason, to assert it in this reign. For if by the natural superiority of their sex, they mean, that *every* man is by nature su-

are not ours; they are in the book of 1752.

Gossip of the day attributed her "Reflections" to "her disappointment in a marriage contract with an eminent

perior to *every* woman, which is the obvious meaning, and that which must be stuck to if they would speak sense, it would be a sin in *any* woman to have dominion over *any* man, and the greatest queen ought not to command but to obey, her footman: because no municipal laws can supersede or change the law of nature. So that if the dominion of the men be such, the Salique law, as unjust as English men have ever thought it, ought to take place over all the earth, and the most glorious reigns in the English, Danish, Castilian, and other annals, were wicked violations of the law of nature.

"If they mean that *some* men are superior to *some* women, this is no great discovery; had they turned the tables they might have seen that *some* women are superior to *some* men. Or had they been pleased to remember their oaths of allegiance and supremacy, they might have known that One Woman is superior to all the men in these nations, or else they have sworn to little purpose. And it must not be supposed that their reason and religion would suffer them to take oaths contrary to the law of nature and reason of things." . . .

"That the custom of the world has put women, generally speaking, into a state of subjection, is not denied; but the right can no more be proved from the fact than the predominancy of vice can justify it." . . .

"Again, if absolute sovereignty be not necessary

clergyman." This may be true, or again it may be merely an instance of the inclination of the world to find in sex

in a state, how comes it to be so in a family? Or if in a family, why not in a state; since no reason can be alleged for the one that will not hold more strongly for the other? If the authority of the husband, so far as it extends, is sacred and inalienable, why not that of the prince? The domestic sovereign is without dispute elected, and the stipulations and contract are mutual; is it not then partial in men to the last degree, to contend for and practice that arbitrary dominion in their families which they abhor and exclaim against in the state? For if arbitrary power is evil in itself, and an improper method of governing rational and free agents, it ought not to be practised anywhere; nor is it less but rather more mischievous in families than in kingdoms, by how much 100,000 tyrants are worse than one. What though a husband can not deprive a wife of life without being responsible to the law, he may, however, do what is much more grievous to a generous mind, render life miserable, for which she has no redress, scarce pity, which is afforded to every other complainant, it being thought a wife's duty to suffer everything without complaint. If all men are born free, how is it that all women are born slaves? As they must be, if the being subjected to the inconstant, uncertain, unknown arbitrary will of men be the perfect condition of slavery."

Miss Astell finally closes her book with a sentence referring to millennial days: "A tyrannous domination, which nature never meant, shall no longer render useless, if not hurtful, the industry and understandings of one half mankind."

affairs cause for any action of any woman, and especially to find love disappointments for spinsters. Her "Essay in Defence of the Female Sex," and "The Christian Religion as Professed by a Daughter of the Church of England" caused more comment in her day than did the "Reflections."

"Her notions and sentiments of religion, piety, charity, humility, friendship and all other graces which adorn the good Christian were most refined and sublime," says a sketch of her life written shortly after she died. "And although from the very flower of her age she lived and conversed with the beau monde, amidst all the gaiety, pomp and pageantry of the great city; yet she well knew how to resist and shun those infatuating snares, and wisely guarded against all these temptations and evils." . . . "Though she was easy and affable to others," her younger contemporary continues, "to herself she was some-

times perhaps oversevere. In abstinence few or none ever surpassed her, for she would live like a hermit, for a considerable time together upon a crust of bread and water. . . . She very rarely ate any dinner till night, and then it was by the strictest rules of temperance . . . and would frequently observe that those who indulged themselves in eating and drinking could not be so well disposed or prepared either for study or the regular and devout service of their Creator."

What a brave, self-denying heart she was! Have in mind the sensibilities that go with a generative imagination, and then think what she must have suffered in the insulting ridicule of the Dick Steeles, and the nullifying of her project by Bishop Burnets! She was faithful. "A person who has truth and justice on his side," she wrote, "needs not be afraid to combat on, though she should be left to stand alone; for such an one

does not stay to balance what's to be got or lost in this world, by an honest and generous action."

What a propulsive her effort to start the first women's college more than two hundred years ago! Her act doubtless affected your life, our lives. If she had not set forth such ideas, fruition might not yet have come—for time, we repeat, is essential to work ameliorating changes. How her action urges us to speak out the truth we see!

Mary Astell knew that education is what another has finely called it a spiritual stimulation and solace, an inspiration to endure the inevitable ills of life, an anodyne when those ills prevail. She saw these advantages. She was generous and high-souled. She sought that others might have them. She knew that through education women would gain sense of real values. She knew that education would teach them to force back the factitious and artificial which

are constantly striving to spring forward. She would make evident real things to be sought.

Grouping of women for collegiate instruction is but one offshoot of that democratic process that has been going on for thousands of years—it is one of the ways the race has learned of giving to many privileges once reserved for a few. It has taken long. Centuries are mere hours in the social will.

USES AND ABUSES OF TWO ENGLISH WORDS *FEMALE, WOMAN*

(*Valentine*)—"I did not respect your intellect: I've a better one myself; it's a masculine specialty."

"You Never Can Tell,"
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

A man is seldom ashamed of feeling that he can not love a woman so well when he sees a certain greatness in her—nature having intended greatness for men. But nature has sometimes made sad oversights in carrying out her intentions.

"Middlemarch," GEORGE ELIOT.

Nor should I complain of the intricacy of Greek abbreviations and Gothic alphabet, since every day, in a familiar language, I am at a loss to decypher the Hieroglyphics of a female note.

"Autobiography," EDWARD GIBBON.

All human power is a compound of time and patience. Powerful beings will and wait. . . . In the life of the soul, as in the physical life, there is an inspiration and a respiration; the soul needs to absorb the sentiments of another soul and assimilate them.

"Eugenie Grandet," BALZAC.

USES AND ABUSES OF TWO ENGLISH WORDS *FEMALE, WOMAN*

Words are wingèd, the old Greeks used to say. Even in our less imaginative vision we see them flying from soul to soul. And when their journeyings are protracted, when they fare through generations, how startling the changes of their meaning! How vastly their subtle shifting of color may affect human life! Take, for instance, a single noun of our English speech, and ideas grouping round its singular and plural within these last one hundred years: *woman; women.*

Why are the two possessives—*woman's* and *women's*—current and contending? Why, instead of saying, for

instance, *Woman's* Executive Board do many of us now choose to say *Women's* Executive Board? What endeavor to truth and refine some thought first led to the variation, and to its ten thousand repetitions? Bias of temperament can not explain it. Nor is one word easier to pronounce than the other.

A hundred years ago, in America and in England, popular usage chose the singular, *woman's*. But since then has grown a differentiation. Lately, for example, "The Century Dictionary" printed *woman's*, "The Encyclopædia Britannica" *women's*. Does the variation indicate a psychical difference between ourselves and our cousins over the sea? We think so. A history, a traceable and illuminative tale, lies behind this seemingly trivial difference of singular and plural, and helps make plain the history and characteristics of ourselves and our kin in England. Let us in broad lines sketch what happened.

In early centuries in England, when the English language had become a formed and completed speech, a vernacular worth a translation of the Bible, the words *women,* a plural with *woman* for its singular, (already an amalgam of *wif* and *man*) described one-half of humanity. The English Bible which John Wycliffe and his fellow workmen, between the years 1360 and 1385, prepared for the reading of English-speaking people, gives no other than a normal and rational use of the two words from its second chapter of Genesis onward. This is evidence of what dignity the general usage must have been. But we have also another witness for that time in Geoffrey Chaucer and his Canterbury Tales—in his ever-famous characters and the words he puts in their mouths. They were *woman* and *women,* normally.

In those days, you remember, convents were often richly endowed women's clubs, with doors standing open to

women not inclined to marriage, to that percentage of women whose natures fitted them in no way for marital dependence—just as monasteries stood open for that percentage of men whose natures fitted ill to married life. The age was one of very considerable freedom for women. Convents also stood with open doors to women who, with inclination for marriage, lacked husbands because of the killing off of men, their death in unceasing wars and the accidents of civil life. Convents afforded a comfortable home. Their religious ritual rarely overtaxed, on occasion, in fact, needed a minimum of time and thought. Women members of those convent-clubs found leisure not only for travel but for sport. We could cite a number of instances. Here is one:—

Of Dame Juliana Barnes, born about 1388, prioress of Sopewell nunnery, long abode legends of learning, of her spirit, her beauty, her love of out-door pas-

times, "with which she used frequently to recreate herself," says an old author, "and she was so well skilled . . . that she wrote treatises of hawking, hunting, fishing[1] . . . so well esteemed that they were printed and published in the very infancy of the art of printing." Let Prioress Juliana herself speak: "Insomuch that gentill men, and honest persones," she wrote, "have grete delite in haukyng, and desire to have the maner to take haukys. . . . Therefore thys book folowyng in a dew forme shewys veri knawlege of such plesure to gentill men, and parsonys disposed to se itt." Sopewell nunnery, we may add, had been founded in 1140 by two devout women who are said to have "raddled boughs of trees with wattles and stakes" for a covering and to have passed their time in acts of devotion and abstinence. The usual history of such foundations fol-

[1] Ruins of the nunnery still stand about twenty miles northwest of London, near St. Albans and the Ver, a little river yet famous for its trout.

lowed. Relaxation of strict rules and subordination of spiritual inspiration to physical comfort, had taken place before the mettled Juliana came to its headship.

In those days common usage called a woman, a woman, and women, women. Such cases continued for years after—for instance, in the marvellously racy and delightful translation into English of "Chronicles of Froissart" made by Lord Berners "at the comaundement of oure moost highe redoubted souerayne lorde kyng Henry viii," and finished in the year 1531–32.

Ten years later than this, 1542, in a virulent satire against women—a satire so licentious as well as virulent that it is to-day impossible of reading except to the student of history—in "The Schole Howse for Women," popular to the degree that three printers had license for its production, the words *woman* and *women* appeared in normal use. The author, Edward Gosynhyll,

valiantly suppressed his name, but it came out afterwards when he published "Mulierum Pean" in amends for his gross attack. And in a "Defence of Women," 1560, by a poor scholar at Oxford, Edward More, *woman* and *women* are rightly used, with perhaps an occasional *femynye.*

Attacks upon women in these years were, however, outdone when, in 1558,[1] the fiery spirit of John Knox blew "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." In the view of certain leaders of the Great Reformation, domestic life and domestic duties were the sole outlook for women. That principles evolved in women's lives were necessary, constructive factors in a community's upbuilding and upkeeping, did not weigh in the calculations of many then eminent in church and state.

[1] This year is notable as that in which one queen of England, Mary, died, and another, Elizabeth, came to the throne. These facts doubtless stirred misogynists of the day.

To their view the spirit of Puritanism was engaged with affairs accorded to men's side of life. Puritan reaction from nunneries carried with seeming freedom a severity of discipline for women—for those who would lead a single life expressing women's devotion to their community by substantial, dignified works; a severity, too, for those who married, depriving them of centres of women's works, counsels one with another, and general club associations. No longer could women solace themselves even with the busy needles, the drawings, the writings, nunneries had afforded and their community-groupings fostered.[1]

[1] This cutting-off had profound results through many generations—domestic duties and life alone opened to women; marriage held their only possibilities for human work. Feeling was general that when women did not marry their life must be wholly barren. Because of the decimation of men by war and adventure, we say, unmarried women were cut off from active, constructive life and most often came to be held as a sort of ineffective, upper-servant, unpaid, unthanked, in the house of a married sister, brother or friend.

But however much "sour John Knox" wanted to instruct and confirm English and Scottish peoples in the oriental stand toward women—and he had a measure of success—still his shrieking, feverish hysteria cleanly kept to the descriptive word than in general use. A lovely voice, that of John Aylmer, which sounded in answer to Knox, also used *women.* "Happening not long agone," said Aylmer, "to rede a lytle Book straungely written by a straunger, to prove that the rule of Women is out of Rule, and not in a Common Welth tollerable; and waying at the first what harme might come of it, and feling at the last, that it hath not a lytle wounded the Conscience of some symple, and almost cracked the Dutie of true Obedience, I thought it more then necessary to lay before Mens Eyes the Untruth of the Argument, the Wekeness of the Proufes, and the Absurditie of the whole."

In that sobriety—of *woman* and *women*—our English tongue stood about the middle of the sixteenth century. If the word *woman's* meaning *women's* and especially if *female* meaning solely a woman, had been current among the well-bred of Knox's day, you may be sure he would have used it—so pronounced was his contempt toward women, even toward those gentle creatures upon whose generous self-effacement his life-work and fame were built.

Later than Knox, say by half a century, in 1590, Edmund Spenser, dedicating in the abject phrase of the time, his "Faerie Queene" to Elizabeth "Queene of England, Fraunce and Ireland and of Virginia," declares of women "in the common":

"Vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie."

And Shakespeare, in "Love's Lab-

our's Lost," 1594, refers to "a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding, a woman." Touchstone's quirk told the usage exactly—"this female, which in the common is—woman."

Thus things stood toward the end of the sixteenth century. The version of the Bible called "King James," published in 1611, conserving simple dignity, race purity of speech and the marvellous distinction of our mother tongue—this "authorized version" kept up the natural and legitimate *woman* and *women* through stories of Eve; of Rebecca and Miriam; of the daughters of Zelophehad, who, you remember, brought up the question of their right to inheritance; of Deborah, a chief judge of Israel; of that nameless sage, wife of Manoah and mother of Samson, and her statement of trust in the Almighty—still onward through the sweet idyll of Ruth and the drama of Esther to "a woman of Sa-

maria" and so to the end. It was *woman, women.*

When King James' Bible came to the people's hands and strengthened their hearts, and began doing what the Great Book has ever done in such intimacies —stir the human spirit to democracy— many ancestors of ours entered west-bound ships and left Europe bearing the Bible's precepts in their hearts and its printed pages in their hands as their most precious possession.

But behind their bellying sails, in the old English home, an order hostile to democratic ideals was growing. "Now make us a king to judge us like all the nations" a fraction of the people clamored. And finally Charles II ascended the English throne.

Yet, even after the recall of the Stuarts, we find clean, pure and right use of words referring to women. Take, for instance, a sentence from that uncouth, rich-minded bachelor, Anthony

à Wood of Oxford, when about 1670 he wrote, "Dr. Bathurst took his Place of Vice-Chancellor, a man of Good Parts, and able to do good Things, but he has a Wife that scorns that he should be in print; a Scornful Woman, scorns that he was Dean of Wells; no need of marrying such a Woman, who is so conceited that she thinks herself fit to govern a College or University."

But, generally speaking, following the establishment of Charles II a barbarism settled over England. The people were as Milton then described himself, . . . "fallen on evil days,

> On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;
> In darkness, and with dangers compassed
> 'round."

The court took color from the brazen vulgarities of such creatures as the Duchess of Cleveland in concerted action with the king, and temperature from the mercenary rakes of both sexes. The

disease spread through English life and degenerated English folk. English literature, especially the literature of the stage, shown mainly with one light—phosphorescent decay. English vernacular reflected social conditions. English men, and even men of the finest cultivation of their time, wrote themselves down speaking of mother and wife and other women as *females*. In their use, you see, the noun did not refer selectively to a hen or a cow or a mare. It referred solely to a female of the human species. Indeed, in that day, *females* was a mild appellative for women.[1] A subdued elegance is about the noun when you compare it with the nauseating

[1] *Female* was also wit according to Dryden's definition of *wit:* "Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject"—the famous *wit* which coursed, often viciously, through generations of English life;—beginning, according to Sir William Temple, "with that part of Conversation which was formerly left to those called Fools, and were used in great families only to make the Company laugh," it finally lost its mordant vitality only before the profounder, humaner, democratic spirit of the nineteenth century.

speech with which, for instance, her Grace of Cleveland hailed the author of "The Country Wife" in Pall Mall, or with the language of the plays of the time. At least it did not qualify sex conditions, even if it openly reiterated the fact of sex as the sole basis of human association.

To the men of those generations, and —since it has long been the habit of women with minds benumbed by their state of tutelage oftenest to accept men's habit of mind—also to the women of that day the noun *female* connoted a woman, *females,* women. Women, or to use that day's vernacular, *females,* it was commonly thought were those creatures fitted almost solely for reproduction of the species—their interests necessarily ovarian, or allied to the ovarian—and, by an equally sturdy logic, a God-made, human thing for the toying of men in their good-natured moments, or the butt of their bullyings in their bad. Men of

the time substantially said this. One, for instance, echoed it when he laid out what he called a "Female Province," which, he magnificently declared, is "whatever has not been particularly assigned by Nature to" men; whose province, he proclaimed, "is universal, and comprehends everything from the culture of the earth to the government of it."

Nature debarred women, according to these men, from all but reproduction, and lending to their amusement and pleasure—and doing a large part of the world's drudgery. Companioning the usage of *female* in those years a man was not called a *male,* men, *males.* It was about women, as if sex were their one distinctive characteristic and descriptive, that the parlance fell—first rising probably among red-blooded country folk where the word referred to stocky breeders of the child; and afterwards passing to men of fashion and furthers of mode whose pursuit of women

was their one interest, ambition and work in life.[1] A phase often in their mouths, "the sex," meaning women, told the true story of their thought and deed.

"The sex," *female,* was an envelope, an artificiality, a supposition, in which a human being was concealed. The word carried such import as to render women painfully self-conscious. Results were that *females* minced their movements, cultivated almost inconceivable falsities in manner and morals, fainted or wept "floods" on all occasions but that of conventional compliment—weakness was supposed to be a charm of the female of the human species. They were beauteous—with cosmetics; elegant—with iron or board corsets; exquisite—with

[1] By an atavism, possibly, survivals of the thinking persist to-day. For example, a distinguished academician not long ago wrote of the word *female's* use: "It struck men as somehow being more appropriate." Precisely—struck men of the Stuart day. That is the crux of the whole matter, even when it so strikes atavistic survivors to-day.

cloying perfumes and ostentatious ornament; weak—from lack of rational food and clothing and healthful out-door exercise—"what is but going in men being accounted gadding in maids," wrote that unprejudiced worthy, Thomas Fuller; and oftenest they were ignorant of even their mother tongue. The very phrase by which they were named expected them to be that—*females*—a thing in which sex alone made appeal. You see what falsity—a falsity old Ben Jonson would have called "un-in-one-breath-utterable" —the word connoted.

And the women lived up to it, we repeat. They most often do live up to what the world puts upon them. "Doch grosse Seelen dulden still," wrote Schiller. "In der Beschränkung," said another, Goethe, "zeigt sich erst der Meister"—in his limitation the master first shows himself. English books, for instance the wonderful pictures of man-

ners in "Tom Jones," witness this.

To think rules to act. Man's conduct is organically connected with his thinking. Changes in meaning of words are index of spiritual changes of a people. Our ancestors thought differently, and in their characteristic English way said what they thought—differently. Thus their saying's significance. The word *females* expressed the then conception. But certain men among them escaped the infection. In these the imagination of our race abode and its inborn idealism gleamed forth. The chaste Puritanism of Milton's poems carries the rational and legitimate word, *woman*. But once, in "Samson Agonistes," does *female* appear other than normally, and then the word means *wife*. Later on Defoe, with his plea for the education of women, and the radical Nonconformists generally were real precursors of the future.

Female was the estimate of women by

men of that Stuart day obsessed by sex, their world unnaturally saturated with sexuality. Abuse of the word, and of the women, went on, in spite of attempts at purifying the social atmosphere, when the cleaner part of the people drove the Stuarts from the throne—went on, that is, during the reign of William and Mary of Orange. Still, even the undoubtedly first agitator for the founding of women's colleges, that protagonist of women's rights, probably by the bye first user of the phrase "women's rights," Mary Astell, in 1696, entitled one of her books "Essays in Defence of the Female Sex"—doubtless because her ears heard little else.

Female persisted during much of the next century, the eighteenth, for Queen Anne's courtiers had reacted to its use. The rake-writers of her reign breathed its atmosphere when they were boys, and alas! absorbed the spirit it bore, and down went the word in their *Tatlers* and

Spectators—periodicals destined later to bear the force of classics.[1]

The vulgarity, often unconscious, crystallizing in language the estimate of one-half of the people by the other half, prevailed in early American writing as well as in British. It was a possession, you see, of English-speaking peoples.

The word ran a course in England of two hundred years. You find it even in such writers of the nineteenth century as Charles Lamb, for instance in his essay on "Modern Gallantry"—of all places! Also in Scott, in Jane Austen, Borrow, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, writers tuned to certain linguistic traditions of the eighteenth. Its use persists still later in Stevenson and other

[1] Yet in those days the Scottish "Gentle Shepherd," Allan Ramsay, wrote *woman:*

> "It shaws a spirit low an' common,
> That wi' ill-nature treats a woman:
> They're of a mak sae nice an' fair,
> They must be manag'd wi' some care;
> Respect them, they'll be kind and civil,
> But disregarded, prove the devil."

late Victorians. Smut is hard to rub off even of a white mind. "Men's judgments are a parcel of their fortunes."

These, then, are the changes of the centuries:—First, in our early English times, broadly, easily, sincerely, and in accord with other uses of the language, *woman, women.* Then, because of widespread spiritual disease of the seventeenth century, coarsely, as if women were sex beings alone, *female, females.*

But again a change worked out. In early decades of the nineteenth century, when the idea of amelioration of women's condition had considerable impetus toward realization, English and Americans alike, when speaking of one-half of humans, spoke of *woman.* No longer was it "the sex," *females,* but a reaction from the physical, to a sort of philosophic abstraction, *woman.* Let us take up this last usage and see how it became current and what its currency implied. Let us see, too, what the out-

look is for ourselves and the future.

The English of to-day concrete their mental operations. Originally the Yankee was an Englishman. But he sailed from England in pursuit of an idea—at a time when the English more commonly than now dealt in abstractions. Upon these western, American shores he lived under a dominating idea, and stamped upon others the spirit that living of his created.

Through generations this American drank abstractions with his mother-milk. His old-time catechism stretched his child-mind to as near approach to the abstract as pitiless elders have ever planned. His child-verse—to learn by heart—both within his catechism and without, was often abstract. His chief theme, theology, was abstract. Theocrats, his clergy, whom he enlisted to direct his course in this world, and highly problematic fate in the world to come, taught in abstract terms duties to ab-

stractions more often than plainly spoken duties to concrete humanity. Now and then only, in the grip of his spiritual directors upon his personal affairs, did he realize how concrete life might be. And at last, after generations of such tensely drawn life, his simple, other-worldly spirit—like the spire of his meeting-house piercing a pure and fine æther—his simple, uplifted enthusiasm fought at last, in our great Revolution, for the mighty abstraction, democracy—to which he gave the best material expression possible to his day.

"His other-worldly spirit," we say, "his uplifted enthusiasm," "he fought." No such action, and no such possession, would have been possible to the man-half of that world alone. Another half equally aspired and equally labored. Women throughout his land did heroic work in their common cause—at the spinning-wheel and loom, making into

clothing what they had spun and woven, laboring in field and stables and dairy for food to reinvigorate the army. They, too, faced defeat and death, oftenest in solitude and without the cheer and inspiration of comrade enthusiasts.

Their blood-bought victory, the establishment of popular rights upon American soil, this people, men and women, finally, in 1782, won. After a few years the French developed their Revolution. During that terrible welter of orders, our American forebears showed their hearty faith in democracy by stretching over the sea hands of fellowship to the bourgeoisie fighting for "the Rights of Man." "The Rights of Man" proclamation was the French sequent to our Declaration of the Fourth of July, 1776.

Now, in human society, the inevitable corollary of "the Rights of Man" would be "the Rights of Woman." The

thought must come, the phrase must arise. For in France, also, women did great deeds toward the highest issues of the nation's tragedy.

Living for a time among the struggling French was an Irish-English woman whom we know as Mary Wollstonecraft. Gifted with fervor and independence, Mary wrote a book, "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." It was published in 1792, and doubtless owed its existence at that moment to the author's sympathies with the people of France—sympathy with their struggle for "the Rights of Man"—the word *man* in their usage largely subsuming *woman.* The very dedication of the book was to a Frenchman—not to the memory of the great English heart of Mary Astell, which, one hundred years before had prompted the faith and work of a prophet in a wilderness of ridicule and prejudice—not to Mary Astell, but to the monstrous Talleyrand over whose facti-

tious morality the lady's Irish susceptibilities had for the moment warmed.

Mary Wollstonecraft's book, her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," much read and much talked-of both at the time it appeared and later, had far-reaching influences upon English-speaking advocates of broader interests for women.[1] The "Rights of Woman" part of the title appealed to an American public still vigorously retentive of the abstract right of our American Revolution. Especially the title appealed to such of our folk as felt the injustice of our states' laws toward American women. They inscribed the phrase upon

[1] It undoubtedly influenced, for instance, our Philadelphia novelist, Charles Brockden Brown, in his dialogue upon our country-women's social and political status, "Alcuin," published in New York in 1798 —a little book most clever and in argument astonishingly like brochures of a hundred years later. Brown talks of *women* quite as often as of *females*. Nevertheless he testifies to the seemingly indelible stain of the old-time word: "All intercourse between them [men and women] is fettered and embarrassed. On one side, all is reserve and artifice. On the other, adulation and affected humility."

their banners. Under its caption a women's party gradually formed.

All this happened in the first half of the nineteenth century, we said, when foreworkers of the women's party were coming into the world. Susan B. Anthony, than whom it would be difficult to find a purer idealist, was a little girl when the first of our states to act in the reforms, undertook laws enlarging the liberties of women—that married women should own their own property, should be legally able to make a will, carry on a business,[1] etc. These were also the early years of Abby Kelly Foster, Lucy

[1] A first removal of restriction was in 1821, when the legislature of Maine authorized a wife deserted by her husband to sue, make contracts, and convey real estate as if unmarried. A like law obtained shortly after in Massachusetts. Another concession was enacted the 15th of February, 1839, so far away from the first as Mississippi, and in December, 1846, in Arkansas, to the effect that "any married woman may become seised or possessed of any property, real or personal, by direct bequest, demise, gift, purchase, or distribution, in her own name and as if her own property: provided, the same does not come from her husband after coverture."

Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other protagonists of the women's party.

Tradition of abstractions, love of abstractions, was, we say, among our nineteenth century agitators—it was with Miss Anthony, for instance, whose mental grasp was almost invariably through an abstract term even in affairs of everyday life. What so natural that the reformers should continue a phrase already current from Mary Wollstonecraft's book, and say *Woman's Rights?*

These foreworkers for *"woman"* may have been conscious that to abstract would serve to veil the unusualness, the startling innovation of their demands—the demand, for example, that the real estate of the wife should not become liable for the husband's debts. To timid, unsympathetic, convention-ridden minds the abstract noun would put more remotely conditions for which the zealous labored. *"Woman"* was very general when it talked of that abstraction's

"Rights." "*Woman*" did not point a finger at a very common concrete being, the unwaged cook, washer, ironer and cleaner who spent her week-days in labor at her husband's house and rested in his church pew of a Sabbath. The abstract, you see, could not readily offend conservatives who talked about "protected woman-folks." Hearers might not be alienated at the outset.

In that day it was not unusual for a coterie, indeed at times a whole community, to ridicule or sneer at women who lived any other life than what their critics defined their "proper sphere." Think of the egotism, the assumption and prejudice which would fix limitations for one-half of humanity! Toward all women a man by custom might, nay! sometimes did (sometimes does?) practise an overbearing temper founded on the superiority he assumed when he defined "sphere" limitations. We still have records of women, of certain, for in-

stance, of the New England stock, whom God had endowed with some great gift, some preponderant ability, in one instance the mathematical—women whose genius relentlessly drove them to its exercise, endeavoring to conceal all traces of the inflow of their heaven-sent strength by locking themselves and their work off from others' view and knowledge, in order, as they confessed, to escape the contempt which their every-day associates poured upon them for "overstepping female modesty."

The word *woman* used as a descriptive of one-half of the race made its way through our country, helped, perhaps, by a reactive horror and disgust at *female, females. Woman* suffrage, *woman's* rights became current and the words still stand to-day in substantial organizations of the women's party. Some Englishman, probably John Stuart Mill but it is not at hand exactly to say, spoke of disabilities inherent in our use

of the abstract term when he said that the reason the women's party had, in his day, made less progress in the United States than in England, was owing to the abstracting of the human being for whom the party sought amelioration, and the use of the abstract descriptive upon the party's banners.

Now, upon the English mind, also, the French Revolution, its ideas especially in Mary Wollstonecraft's book, left the conviction that the social status of women must change. No Englishman was more profoundly affected and exalted by the radical ideas of the French Revolution—their stirring the human spirit to all-conquering reform—than Percy Bysshe Shelley. Shelley had a genius peculiarly sensitive to the humane ideas cast abroad by the American and French Revolts. He became their spokesman. And the romantic movement of his time —the rehabilitation of nature in human life, the re-identification of nature and

reason—underlay his work. His admiration for the causes of Mary Wollstonecraft, whose daughter became his second wife, was of real loyalty.[1]

In Shelley's aërial verse we find the attitude toward women that is in Mary's "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." Moreover, we invariably find the philosophic form, *woman.* In intense expression Shelley in "The Revolt of Islam" exclaims:

"Can man be free if woman be a slave?"
"Woman as the bond-slave dwells
Of man, a slave; and life is poisoned at its wells."
"Woman!—she is his slave, she has become
A thing I weep to speak."
"Well ye know
What Woman is, for none of Woman born

[1] "They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
Of glorious parents thou aspiring Child:
I wonder not—for One then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory. Still her fame
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and wild
Which shake these latter days."

Can choose but drain the bitter dregs of woe
Which ever from the oppressed to the oppressor flow."

"The Revolt of Islam" Shelley wrote in the year 1817. Thirty years after this Alfred Tennyson was composing "The Princess." It may be worth noting here that Tennyson was then a bachelor, although "quasi-betrothed" to Emily Sellwood whom he married long after. "The Princess" is a poem expressing conservatively the larger view of women that moved the British mind during the years of its composition—the larger view which was impelling Parliament to enactments granting women greater liberties. Laws which now seem to us the barest justice conservatives opposed the introduction of—opposed with an ardor and strength of prejudices thousands of years old, debated at white heat, and at last suffered the passing in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. Undoubtedly these

parliamentary activities, daily newspaper reports, public discussion, and such modest books as "Can Woman Regenerate Society?" "Woman's Mission," "Woman's Rights and Duties," published in London in 1844, incited Tennyson to picture his feudal "Princess." *Woman* stood for women in his poem, and also in these less-read books we name.

So, also, *woman* stood in an article by George Eliot in "The Westminster Review," when she said, "The man who would deny to woman the cultivation of her intellect, ought, for consistency, to shut her up in a harem. If he recognize in the sex any quality which transcends the qualities demanded in a plaything or handmaid—if he recognize in her the existence of an intellectual life not essentially dissimilar to his own, he must, by the plainest logic, admit that life to express itself in all its spontaneous forms of activity."

Tennyson's "Princess" was published in 1847. George Eliot's article in 1852. Between those dates and 1869, the year of the publication of John Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women," we find the word *women* superseding *woman* as a descriptive. How had the change come about? Undoubtedly through the English people's feeling for the uses of expediency, through emphasis in their reforms of the value of the concrete. Especially, as we said, long debates in Parliament about acts affecting women's legal status had educated the people's ear to the plural form. Mill, himself, had strong sense of values of the concrete—his invention and use of the word *utilitarianism* goes to show that. He emphasized such values under the leadership, he said, of his wife.[1]

[1] "The steps in my mental growth for which I was indebted to her," says Mill in his "Autobiography," "were far from being those which a person wholly uninformed on the subject would probably suspect. It might be supposed, for instance, that my strong

Since Mill's "Subjection of Women" came before the world, the word *woman,* implying an abstract, has almost disappeared from English use. In this country, however, a rather broad reading of Mill's book, and even the foundation of colleges, such as Vassar, Smith, Bryn Mawr, for women—not for *females,* not for *woman*—seem to have made little against the popularity of the word. People continued it, *woman.* They still do, in printed page, in pulpit, on platform.

And when the churches of our country awoke to recognition of the most sub-

convictions on the complete equality in all legal, political, social and domestic relations, which ought to exist between men and women, may have been adopted from her. . . . What is true is, that until I knew her, the opinion was in my mind, little more than an abstract principle. . . . That perception of the vast practical bearings of women's disabilities which found expression in the book on the 'Subjection of Women' was acquired mainly through her. . . . What was abstract and purely scientific was generally mine; the properly human element came from her. . . . Her mind invested all ideas in a concrete shape, and formed itself a conception of how they would actually work."

stantial factors furthering their work, the word bequeathed by the French Revolution, using which Mary Wollstonecraft had followed radical, eighteenth-century, so-called atheistic philosophers, stood at hand. With *woman* the churches commonly connoted their women's organizations. Therefore, today we meet such phrases as *Woman's* Executive Board, *Woman's* Auxiliary, in church affairs. Many another women's association also is dubbed with the old abstract *woman,* whose members are unconscious of the source of the term and the irony of history they embody in its use. Perhaps, when we think of the conventional prepossessions and prejudices of many women, of their love of class distinctions and caste barriers, their ignorance favors their comfort. At the time churches and other organizations of our country began to utilize women's energies and efficiency, we repeat, the abstract noun was the only half-

way just and modest descriptive current. *Ladies,* emphasizing caste distinction, discordant with the democracy of Christianity, is manifestly ill-fitted for a church association. The word, *woman,* little more than a hundred years ago dyed with the fierce red of French radicalism, is now in most conservative company.

The concreting of the idea among us in these times—the use of *women* instead of *woman*—is due to a greater growth in women's sympathies and women's knowledge, to the evolving recognition of the comradeship of women and men. A broader democracy, a socializing of mind and heart, is spreading round the earth. That is, women are becoming conscious of the unity of humanity, and of themselves as a tremendous factor in that unity.

This consciousness is a portentous mental and moral stimulation which, we say, women have heretofore lacked.

Their secluded, solitary, little educated, often idealess, grossly subjective lives—lives, too, not infrequently subdued, year in and year out, by the toxin of fatigue from household routine; lives subdued, also by the poison of ridicule if they reached out after broader interests—such lives the spirit of our times is penetrating. It can penetrate *women.* It can not penetrate the abstract *woman.*

Sentiment of unity, we repeat, of the solidarity of poor and rich, ignorant and wise, weak and strong, is abroad now as a lively stimulus and contagion, and coupled with its logical result, the conviction of the right of the individual to development, the right for "that life to express itself in all its spontaneous forms of activity." Such an outlook women have not heretofore actively realized. The woman of a life so narrow, so restricted, so emotionally equable and subjective that she can not comprehend or sympathize with others' lives

replete with vicissitude, is disappearing. Not often now-a-days is a woman's activity bounded by

> "the sugar and the tea,
> The flannels and the soap, the coals,
> The patent recipés for saving souls,
> And other things: the chill dread sneer
> Conventional, the abject fear
> Of form-transgressing freedom."

Over our country at large women are dropping the abstract term belonging to days when ignorance and prejudice were proclaiming an abstract "sphere" and ironcast bounds for the human life back of that figment, and are now seeking to enroll themselves under *women,* a word which implies that they are thinking, active, human beings, with human sympathies; that they, with their brothers, men, are co-learners of human life, and, with their brothers, men, are co-workers for human welfare in the great vineyard of the earth; that they, *women,* have intelligent interest in and

are identified with the progress of their human kind in spite of old desires and misjudgments that sought to exclude them—that they are one-half of humanity.

One-half of humanity women have been since our remotest beginnings. But, through the pain of centuries and millenia, in what halting and reversionary fashion! They could not, whatever their effort, grasp the best, for man-made laws of church and state taught them to make themselves after what ignorance of their needs and prejudices against human liberty prescribed.

Female signifying a woman is a vulgarity happily passed. The abstract term *woman* which Mary Wollstonecraft and our American foreparents adopted from French radicals had mighty uses. It served as a rallying cry for vast good. But at this hour, now that women as a body are coming to consciousness of their lives, their work,

its values, to recognition of its dignity at home and abroad, the word *women,* connoting a body, is the true and legitimate expression of the sympathy and spirit of our times.

PLATO'S IMPERISHABLE EPIGRAM: AND ITS TRAIL OF LIGHT

It is the empty things that are vast: things solid are most contracted and lie in little room.

"Preface to 'Novum Organum,'"

FRANCIS BACON.

Whoever Converses much among the Old Books will be some-hard to please among the New.

Books, like Proverbs, receive their Chief Value from the Stamp and Esteem of Ages through which they have passed.

"Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning,"

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.[1]

"Poetical Register for 1802,"

(Quoted by HENRY PHILIP DODD.)

[1] A transformation from the Greek idea of the epigram! Satire gradually crept in the verse's spirit until, for instance, with our English Pope and his fellows, it became what this line tells.

PLATO'S IMPERISHABLE EPIGRAM: AND ITS TRAIL OF LIGHT

Αστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

Thou gazest on the stars!
Would I might be,
O star of mine,
  The skies,
With myriad eyes,
To gaze on thee.

To the Greek epigram above, the translation underneath it and these few pages are a sort of setting forth, one might say, as to various modes of the crystallization of a gem. Or, seizing a brighter fancy and borrowing from stellar science, the versions given and others to be added are a comet-like trail of lumi-

nous dust attracted to, leastwise made light-bearing because of the glory of the head—certain of them at any rate given radiance by that star of first magnitude, Plato's most famous distich.

The impelling beauty of the Greek epigram has never palled during the twenty-two centuries since the divine philosopher wrote it. Poets of finest fibre and boldest strength have embodied its emotion in longer singing. Nor has its attraction ceased there. Unnumbered men and women in various times and lands, their nerves tingling with its perfection and seeming ease, have essayed to verse it in their own tongue.

These facts I learned through a youthful experience. For, when I was a student in the University of Kansas, the only collegiate junior to elect Greek and therefore held by no trailing foot within prescribed curricula but seizing whatever of Greek literature the large and lucid learning of our Professor of Greek,

and his fine ardor for verity, put before me—from sheer charm of what I found going here and there through that literature's delights and finding the interpretation of the world its spirit must ever have for those who enter its virid fields seeking the real things of life—one day in turning leaves of an old anthology I chanced upon this great epigram of Plato's and translated it as the English verse stands above. The lines were only two of thousands and tens of thousands making strongest appeal to my enchanted sense of what was great, what real in literature. But when I met the epigram I felt, as youth may feel when imagination is fired, that I must enter the song, must make some attempt to say it in my own speech—a verse so appealingly short, it seemed possible to wing ascent to its heaven by English pinions.

In those hours of saturation, I had almost said intoxication, with the Greek distillation of life, there was doubtless

stirring within the spirit of the absorbed, unselfconscious, American girl (if one may be permitted to speak of one's youth as of another being, another world)—there was doubtless stirring one of those growth-crises which come to the lives of young people generously nurtured, when, quite unforeseen, a new sense of space unfolds, a new largeness widens the horizon—when the fledgling passes to fresh pastures of which life before had vouchsafed no vision:

"Es giebt in Menschenleben Augenblicke
Wo er dem Weltgeist näher ist als sonst."

What others had wrought at translating, or paraphrasing, the two lines of Plato I did not then know. Of all Greek epigrams the verse stood to me as most perfect in expressing the simplicity of Greek art, its grace, its concise definiteness, its surpassing quality of proportion, its effect of standing alone, sufficient to itself, unaffected by outside life. The

poem made such a swift, clean flight to the empyrean! Then there was its delicious diction.

And still another reason for the charm the epigram might work upon a student of the University of Kansas must lie in the star-sown night-skies of that land, rousing and lifting the imagination of those children of men who look up to them with loving curiosity—heavens marvellous in their myriad effulgent suns, the opalescent radiance of their Milky Way and infinities known only to the calculus of God.

The distich persisting in my memory, some years later I sent my translation to a magazine in which it was published.[1] Possibly the English words of a second and later version more exactly interpret their Greek cousins:

Thou gazest on the stars,
My star!
Would I might be,
The skies

[1] *Scribner's*, May, 1889.

With many eyes,
To look on thee.

Interest in the epigram from my student essay in its lovely art, led me, in general reading and through years, to note translations, or if not exact translations paraphrasing, or approximations of its imagination and diction, in our poets of English speech—passages possibly inspired by Plato's distich, or at least near kin to it. The notes perished by the wanderlust that is the heart of all detached papers. Those which follow are what I still have in memory.

In the first place we ought to understand that, as Diogenes Laertius quoting Aristippus says, Aster (the third word in the Greek poem, aster, means *star*)—Aster was the name of a beautiful youth with whom Plato studied the science of the stars. The Greek Anthology of Hugo Grotius (edited by Bosch, 1797) puts it with Latin practicality:

"In eum qui Stella vocatur
Stella vides coeli stellas meus, o ego coelum
Si sim, quo te oculis pluribus adspiciam."

If we begin with those confessing themselves purely translations we may then take the often brilliant and very beautiful paraphrasings by our English poets.

The first in time, so far as I now recall, is that of Thomas Stanley, who died in 1678:

"The stars, my Star, thou viewest: heaven
might I be,
That I with many eyes might gaze on thee."

A fine rendering, and one which has the merit of keeping in the English the word *heaven,* exact equivalent of the Greek. A test of its excellence is that it seems modern, of our own day; that is, it is not circumscribed or limited by any mannerism of speech of the translator's day. Stanley was a cousin of Richard Lovelace—him of the famous, fastidious,

cavalier "To Althea from Prison." He was also a friend of James Shirley, writer of the perennial

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust"

—which we still put in our anthologies, if not in our lives. A man of feeling for letters and of real cultivation and wealth, Thomas Stanley had a genuine lyric gift, which he used in good measure for translating singers of other tongues. He gave himself, also, to the aid of those not so pecunious as himself. The public eye of his own day he considerably filled. A contemporary called him "the glory and admiration of his time." Yet by all but the long-visioned lover of literature he is now forgotten. We are calling him back to earth to-day because of his beautiful rendering of Plato's two lines.

Lord Neaves, "a senator of the college of justices in Scotland," is perhaps

the next translator of whom I had record. The Greek simplicity he presents in this way:

"My star, thou view'st the stars on high:
Would that I were that spangled sky,
That I, thence looking down on thee,
With all its eyes thy charms might see."

Lord Neaves won higher honors in codifying the laws of nations than in writing metrical versions of Greek poetry. The stars *on high,* where stars commonly are, is palpably made to rhyme with *spangled sky.* Still, let us honor a great jurist who loved the quiet of his study, "the mighty minds of old," the "never failing friends," and made translations from the Greek his pastime and delight.

Peculiarities of this Scottish lawyer's version we find also in that of the witty Irishman and poet, Thomas Moore—a literary looseness or diffuseness, almost lack of conscience to our more truth-loving point of view. Moore's English

versions from the Greek anthology are often marked by a boyish unconsciousness of Greek spirit and Greek form. They gleam, one might almost say glitter, with Celtic facility, and not infrequently echo English drawing-room fashions of the end of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Of Moore's translation of the epigram I think we find these defining facts true:

"Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye,
To wonder on thy beauties here!"

Another version of the distich Symonds, in his "Studies of the Greek Poets" ascribes to Frederick Farrar:

"Gazing at stars, my star? I would that I were the welkin,
Starry with infinite eyes, gazing forever at thee!"

The English *welkin* with its unusedness and archaic feeling seems unfortunate,

for the words of Plato are simple, natural. Then, too, *infinite* and *forever* are not in the Greek—just as Lord Neaves' *spangled sky,* and Tom Moore's *spangled sphere* and *wonder on thy beauties here* are not. And as for *infinite eyes*—a Greek was too genuine in his feeling for nature ever to say it—and he was also too reverent. Strange that Symonds with his sensitiveness and taste should have quoted such a translation!

If you lay beside it the rendering of the late Goldwin Smith, you will see more clearly the gifts of sincerity, fidelity, simplicity that mark that distinguished scholar's rendering;

"Dost scan the stars! O would I were those skies,
To gaze upon thee with their myriad eyes!"

Poetry, it is often said, is untranslatable. Spontaneous welling of sensibilities, an overflow of feeling impels the poet to song. The translator can hardly be excited by like spontaneity; his emo-

tion must be secondary. When, therefore, we essay mirroring the man of the original enthusiasm, we should, it would seem, approach his work with such reverence that we strip ourselves of ourselves, so far as possible, and enter that spirit of life of which he was a part. Then, only, may we voice his feeling in our phrase. That is, a translation seems to be a bringing of the poet's knowledge, comprehensiveness, sympathy, sensibility to speak through ourselves as his instrument—a flute if you will—not an expressing ourselves through his ideas. In this opinion I may be differing with my friend, Mr. Charles Fletcher Lummis, in his admirable verse [1] recalling the great distich:

"Star of me, watching the mother skies
  Where thine elder sisters be,
Would I were heaven with all its eyes—
  All of its eyes on thee!"

[1] In *McClure's Magazine*, February, 1911.

In passing from the solitary translations of this epigram to the often very beautiful and suggestive paraphrasing by our English poets, we should, in point of time, take up those four lines in a sonnet which Palgrave, in his "Golden Treasury" ascribes to Joshua Sylvester. The sonnet, by the bye, I do not find in collections of Sylvester's poems printed near his time, and others would deny it him saying in none of his poems did he reach such heights as the sonnet scales. That is poor reasoning, even if facts bore it out. Sylvester did climb with swelling and reverberating song, as you may easily see by turning to pages 304 to 307 of this book. The four lines of his paraphrase which are the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth of the sonnet, read in this wise:

"Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,

And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world
were done."

Sylvester was born one year before Shakespeare. The sonnet ascribed to him, and unmistakably of his day, evidences that this epigram of Plato's, so perfect that it is modern to every age, was familiar to the Elizabethans, and even then stirring the human heart and hand to work its gold into English wear.

Shakespeare himself seems to have known its beauty. A critic has queried whether the mighty genius of the poet had not taken the conception and transmuted it, as that genius transmuted much of the best of its earthly day and sealed it in marvellous verse. For instance, in reading the following lines in the second scene of the third act of "Romeo and Juliet," you must, with a knowledge of Plato's epigram, pause and reread, and note the ascent of emotion, and wonder if the Greek, or any translation

Shakespeare may have seen, played any part in their composition:—

"And, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

Dodd, in this book "The Epigrammatists," and quoting Steevens, I believe, calls attention to a play "The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll," which was acted before the year 1596. Editors of Shakespeare have conjectured that "Romeo and Juliet" was written in 1596. Impulse for our quoted passage may, therefore, have been in this passage of the forgotten play:

"The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,
Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres:
And fixe them there as an eternal light,
For lovers to adore and wonder at."

A far cry from that to Shakespeare's

racy, clear-cut English and overwhelming emotion, you will say. But the author of "The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll," as well as the author of "Romeo and Juliet," may have known Plato's epigram. The age of Jonson and Drummond and Drayton was not one to let its grace lie hid, as we said above. In Shakespeare's restatement, whatever the source of the conception, is the new-born outlook on life, the Elizabethan strength of interpreting nature at first hand, and a loveliness of phrase that make the passage his own.[1]

[1] A beautiful simile has appealed to us humans since long before the days of Homer, master in simile. Let us consider it for a moment. Passages that call to mind the manner of Plato's two lines are as far back as in the old Greeks when we have an unknown poet singing in a way, only singing more simply and purely, after the manner of this translation which Moore made:

"I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!

"I wish I might a rose-bud grow

Not an Elizabethan but a Victorian poet, Francis Bourdillon, has made a dis-

> And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
> To place me on that breast of snow,
> Where I should bloom, a wintry flower."

Sonnets to a mistress' eyebrows, and also such similes, as for instance, Shakespeare's:

> "O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek!"

did not begin with modern times. Nor do they owe their origin to the sentiment of chivalry, as often claimed. Have we not just now seen an old Greek poet talking in phrase as direct and untrammeled as a neo-romanticist might use? And not unlike expressions are among old Greek love tales and novels. Also they are in the ancient writings of the Hebrews.

A song of like and exquisite simile, if we may step to the very bounds of digression, is by a certain Robert Burns, against whom one could never bring a charge of borrowing from the Greek. The beauty and lilt of the first of the verses, by an unknown Scottish poet, are said to have so seized and warmed Burns' fancy that he sang in pure and bird-like note the equally beautiful second:

> "O were my love yon lilac fair,
> Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
> And I, a bird to shelter there,
> When wearied on my little wing!
> How I wad mourn, when it was torn
> By autumn wild, and winter rude!

tinctly modern suggestion of the great Greek's distich in the oft sung and oft quoted:

"The Night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.

"The Mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

From this long wandering in pages of other poets suggestive of Plato the poet —from other similes of ardor to the real, tentative embodiment of the great epigram in others' works—we turn to

But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'
Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem "On an Autumnal Evening" not only to find the distich of Plato, but also a part of that epigram by the unknown Greek poet which, in the footnote, Moore translated for us. "To fan my love," wrote Coleridge:

"To fan my love I'd be the evening gale,
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight;
Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes."

And now at last we come to the supramundane genius of Shelley closing the ninth canto of his ethical cries in "The Revolt of Islam" with the great epigram's emotion:

"Fair star of life and love," I cried, "my soul's delight,
Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies?
O that my spirit were yon Heaven of night,
Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes!"

When I began I forecast this writing merely as a note setting forth interpretations of Pato's immortal lines. We have gone far afield—sympathetic, associative memories leap one upon another when we once give the leash and bear us far beyond the metes and bounds of mere adducing comment. But the echoes of Plato's great leit-motiv, to change our simile, and the snatches of heaven-sent song we have heard by the way, are ample excuse for our wandering—if excuse need be.

In old-time, student days in the University of Kansas, in our reading the great Greek idealist,—yes, I make bold to say, even in these times when idealism is often looked upon as a sort of intellectual degeneracy, a variety of atavism—I make bold to say, and quite megaphonicly, we gloried in Plato's teachings and in his marvellous art of writing out his thoughts—we used, in those old days, when meeting some conception,

idea, expression, we had deemed modern, frequently to exclaim—quoting, I venture from memory to say, Emerson referring to Plato's supremacy in the world of philosophy—"It is all in Plato!" So, too, from what we have here in these few pages seen is a most distinguished and exalted simile, a supreme expression of idealizing love.

FABLES OF BRONZE AND IRON AGES: OF TO-DAY

I happened to see a living company of them [ephemeræ] on a leaf, who appeared to be in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues.

"To Madame Brillon of Passy,"
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

He that cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as disperse and dilate it, wanteth a great faculty.

"Of the Advancement of Learning,"
FRANCIS BACON.

Those loose Robes or common Veils that disguised or covered the true Beauty of Poetry's features. . . . This was done first by Æsop in Greek, but the Vein was much more antient in the Eastern Regions, and much in Vogue.

"Of Poetry,"
SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

FABLES OF BRONZE AND IRON AGES: OF TO-DAY

FABLES are the simplest of all stories. They sprang into being before conscious records of human history began, as soon, probably, as early peoples of this "little O, the earth," had a language large enough to tell a story in. Long after, when human life had read a meaning in the fact that it is, and its significance had gladdened the up-looking spirit of man, re-telling of the stories brightened fire-sides gleaming in caves, and helped through dull, gloomy days men and women whetting stone knives, and hewing arrow-heads, and sewing hide-shirts. Thousands upon thousands of years ago,

[1] An essay written before the publication of an article or two citing like illustrations.

we say, at a time when all earth's mysteries in beast and tree, upon land and sea, voiced to the primal folk an inalienable kinship with themselves, there lived, in that early morning of our race, the first inventors of the story.

They were fable-makers. They wondered: they brooded: they worshiped; and became the primitive poets delighting to bring to the soul of their people what they had discovered. Naïvely fashioning universal truths, they showed what life had taught them by depicting a neighbor's traits controlling some elder brother of man. In other words, the fable-maker, apt at weaving tales from his own spirit and what his world had written upon it, presented human characteristics embodied in, or a human experience enacted among, creatures familiar to his listeners. Men and beasts, we say, stood in more intimate kinship than now, and the story's situation and imagery were not far from their every-

day affairs. Such a tale was bound to catch the attention of the less reflective man and make him pause, wonder and perhaps take lesson. For perhaps human nature had then the weakness that an Englishman lamented countless centuries later, "Nothing will go down, if it be not seasoned with a tale."

Lacking every worldly artificiality with which human traits stand forth in our conscious literature, more simple than Garden-of-Eden simplicity—for into Eden man had entered, in the world of those early days the beasts of the fable-making poet felt and thought and talked as humans. Author's and public's simplicity was of life in cave and lake-dwelling and the sunlit sward that lay before the jungle.

Thus, doubtless, the early peoples of our earth, far off in the dim mists of old millenia, had the beginnings of story-telling. Human imagination constructed and human love of the ideal vi-

sion credulously accepted. Ages whose factors we can not estimate passed in the growth and habit.

This nascent literature, these fables, may have been metaphor writ large. Primitive men talk in metaphor; for undeveloped peoples must express themselves in concrete form. The stories may at first have lain in the naked simplicity of a sentence, a complete undress and freedom. But in time they waxed in strength and length, and travelled far—for generations of the human family, led by divinities of the ideal, were ever splitting off from parent stocks and seeking lands to make their own. Records of the tales the migrators put on stones, on earthen and waxen tile, on gold and silver cup, on papyrus, in carving and painting and tapestry. Almost every land where a clan or tribe settled and evolved their arts and governments has remnants in keeping.

The tales journeying and expanding

in restful new homes, drew to themselves embellishments and conventions. The human life that treasured them was in every circle of the sun growing and enriching. Fables thus, like all our poetry, all our prose, all mental products, became aggregations. But they are the simplest of aggregations, and after all, even in their broad diffusion they vary little. Perhaps the folk through centuries of the eld had the loyalty to first form that characterizes children to-day and insistently kept a crystallization of a favorite story. What had become a common possession of their tribe, they probably safe-guarded with the instinct of self-preservation, and would suffer their recounters no deviation from the form which emphasized their race manners and customs, and their race art.

The original metaphor, of which we spoke above, had somewhat of a didactic aim, an evident moral. Therefore fables must reduce rudimentary inductions of

the mind of man—save the early caveman's inductions—to an ethical truth. They must etch human gropings for a moral order of life—when such an order was vaguely conceived of. From the beginnings, we say, the tendency of the telling of a fable must have been what it is to-day—practical teachings of ethical relations of life. An instance is the story of Eve and the serpent—at first blush not showing conscious, open fiction, but really a fabulizing of the sin and sequent disaster of taking short cuts to great accomplishment, rather than working within The Law. Men's ethical sense grew and in time forced the moral of the tale to extend itself, until the deliberation, patent and confessed, became what this fable teacheth, hac fabula docet, ὁ μῦθος δηλοῖ.

That those early story-tellers for the people, ancients to those who are ancients to us, came to make fables with deliberate intent, for the untrained

mind's delight and instruction, is clear. The Old Testament's book of Judges preserves, in its ninth chapter, a most striking and beautiful instance of conscious knowledge of such fiction and its forceful application. Jotham, son of Gideon, tells to the men of Sechem how, "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them" . . . and finally "The bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

This fable is perhaps an early product of the Hebrew genius. If not, but was brought from the east in times of old when the peoples of Mesopotamia and their western neighbors, the people of Judæa, had reciprocal relations of culture, at any rate it seems to have been a folk-possession which the author of the part of the book of Judges in which it

is embedded, borrowed and applied. To-day's criticism pronounces the part younger than the ninth century before Christ.

After recorded time we hear of Æsop composing and recomposing fables for the Greeks—about the sixth century before Christ. But before Æsop's day such tales flourished among the Greeks —we know from Homer and from the earliest complete fable in European literature, Hesiod's story of "The Hawk and Nightingale." And the Æsopic fable was the foundation idea of the celebrated satire on women of Simonides of Amorgos—in its tracing the lineage of ten different types of women back to animals. This Simonides is said to have been a mature man in 693 B. C.

Æsop possibly heard recitations of oriental apologues while in service at the court of the Lydian king, Crœsus. In his century travellers were continually passing between India and peoples of the

eastern Mediterranean. Possibly, from some wandering pundit basking in the luxury of Crœsus' court, and his recital of such tales as are ascribed to the oriental Bidpai, Æsop gained his inspiration for the fable and led to its restitution. That the tales were popular among the later Greeks, Aristophanes' comedies let us know; and another light Plato brings us when he tells of Socrates turning Æsopian tales into verse in his final days in prison.

Centuries after the hunchback master the fable took, at the hands of the Greek Babrius, the form in which it abides to this day. Just what that century was no one can say. A German critic, Crusius, says Babrius wrote in an age of the Roman emperors when taste agreed the greatest virtue of a writer to be simplicity. Not far from the days of Babrius—some say before on the ground that Phædrus makes no mention of a cat while Babrius tells various stories about that

familiar fellow—Phædrus, a Thracian slave, wrought the innocuous tales into Latin, for the moralizing Roman's delight and instruction.

Thus the fable, that is, many of our well-known fables, flourished, and always best among peoples of southern latitudes with whom they are said to have had their birth.

Even after the days of the Judges, to which we refer above, those fellow-dwellers of the Greeks near the vine-clad slopes of the Mediterranean, the Hebrews, kept on using the fable. With their genius for the concrete they turned about its point and aiming merely to illustrate men's higher life by the lower, they called it the parable. It served for imaginative appeal to the people, and became of stupendous import. The book of Jonah, for instance, ascribed to about 250 B. C., is a fable—a parable about social exclusives.

To the uses of the fable-parable the

New Testament brings a mightier witness:—"The disciples said, Why speakest thou to them in parables? He answered and said, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries . . . but to them it is not given. . . . This people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have closed."

Here abides evidence that the fable, in those times, by profoundest wisdom, served to reach the rudimentary mind of men—when their ears were dull of hearing and their eyes the Teacher would unclose to the significance of life.

Thus peoples of old deliberately fostered the fable, an early poem, for the untrained mind's instruction and delight. For that we moderns make it, and sometimes, even like present-day Arabs, for grown-ups. But most we make it for children, because a child loves a make-believe world; he likes to escape this world of hard facts and enter its life only

through his fancy. Then, also we make it for the child because our conviction is well-worn that the child in his growth repeats the development of the race.

The first conception of a fable, we have seen, is a sort of sly humor. The ancient fable-maker would play an amusing light round human characteristics, he would lay hold of the grey matter of the average head and set in motion its zygomatic muscles by making a crane, a lion, a mouse, an earthen pot or a tree speak out subject to laws controlling human kind and seemingly humans alone. Thus the fable becomes a deliberate make-believe, a designed work of art with a meaning.

Classic writers, and by that we mean the old Greek and Roman, knew from the instinctive sense of art that blessed them that the fable should be a complete unit, never at variance with simpler conditions; and it should have the honesty and power that come from familiarity with, and easy knowledge of,

everyday life—a crow is a clever thief and he would steal cheese, a hare does run swiftly, an ant is an industrious layer-by. The story should, in other words, be exact to truth—truth as it would be if beasts thought and felt as humans, and were to hold the recounters' pen. Thus the old writers produced their fables.

And with incalculable success we repeat,—especially after the stories were by oft-repetition set to the minds of the Greeks. But the new workers moved cautiously and with reserve. They had moderation, the Greek golden mean. Into this little art, as into their greatest, they put the impersonality that marks the classic expression. Not because they forecast their manner and said they would and sat down with stylus in hand to write it, did they do this. They wrote the fable with the impersonal note because that bore out their inborn conception of art, that was their

conception of life—and a racial conception of art, because it is a conception of life, must work itself out even in expanding a metaphor. What the teller thought or felt, his views by the bye, his emotions, in no wise figured in his story and could not enter into the structure of his sentences.

The art of the tale, to put it another way, did not reflect the subject, was not personal. It was objective. It presented a view of the outer world into which the teller was not projected, not reflected. It stood alone, apart from subjective, interpretative feeling and imaginings infused into it. Its appeal was by reflection to the typical, the general, not by emotion to the individual. No disturbing subjective excitement, no glow nor tendency of the writer to exaggeration warmed it. Personal feeling neither touched nor set a nerve aquiver. Probability, exactness even to economy of material, simplicity, universality were

in its appeal. That is, the art stood upon a cool and calm intellectuality and truth to general life. It must move by the force inhering in its subject, by the subject's fitness for its purpose and the perfectness of presentation. This was as true of the minor art of fable-making as of the great art of the Greeks. Those people viewed the body and soul not as distinct, separate, but as forming one unit, the human being as a whole. In such a conception there can be no intense emotion, no dominating "temperament," no minor many-imaginings—merely collective, generally social, race experience.

The modern, in contrast, demands a fervor working in the writer's brain and gaining its own spiritual expression. It confesses to an appeal for the emotional response and human interest of the reader. It carries its own "atmosphere" of specific quality, unique aspect, the personality of the teller comes forward. It is individualistic and demo-

cratic as to its sense of reserve. It acts and gains by minute accumulated touches of detail and by the contagion of excitement.

Yet a popular fable might, and in the old way, in stating a general truth, teach a good part of the conduct of life. Take, for instance, an old version of a fable, probably among the oldest of fables—so old that a Greek book of the second or third century makes Sophocles deliver an epigram in referring to it—the fable of Helius, the Sun, and Boreas, the North Wind. Plutarch, also, tells the tale in his "Precepts for the Married" to illustrate the persuading with soft ways—"this most women do," adds the philosopher.

Our version follows closely and simply the picturesque iambic telling of Babrius:

THE NORTH WIND AND THE SUN

"The story goes that a great strife rose twixt the North Wind and the Sun,

as to which of the two could take a garment of skin off a wayfaring rustic.

"First Boreas blew as he blows in Thrace, for he thought that by force he could strip away the hide. But the fellow would not let go at all. On the contrary he shivered from the cold, and binding his hands with the skin's edge, drew it about him, got down against a rock and bent his back to its projection.

"Then the Sun peeped out. First he eased the man from the chill of the harsh wind. Then he kept on sending warmth, till a glow suddenly seized the wearer and he stripped himself and tossed the garment aside.

"So was Boreas beaten in the contest. The fable says, 'Gentleness, child, before passion. You will make your way by persuasion rather than by force, whatever befalls you.' "

Now this fable is a deliberate story for the untrained mind. Its moral is pal-

pable, and its jumble of truth and fantasy clear. It is a tale told in severely simple Greek fashion, reserved, bearing in its lines no appeal to the listener's emotion.

From the English Sir Roger L'Estrange of more than two hundred years ago, so-called "prince of translators," from a book of his printed in London in 1694, we take a version that shows Greek influence still controlling—yet our English imaginativeness will not let it off purely and with the almost barren detail of the Greek:[1]

"There happen'd a Controversie be-

[1] In the last half of the seventeenth century Æsop had come into great vogue in England. Translations into English verse, such for instance as John Ogilby's, were not infrequent. Toward the end of the century, in 1691, Æsop was "a book universally read and taught in our schools," L'Estrange wrote, "the boys break their teeth upon the shells, without even coming near the kernel. They learn the fables by lessons, and the moral is the least part of our care in a child's instruction." Such facts, L'Estrange continued, prompted to his translations—versions "being equally beautiful of their kind," wrote an English contemporary, "with the verse of La Fountain."

twixt the Sun and the Wind, which was the Stronger of the Two; and they put the Point upon This Issue: There was a Traveller upon the Way, and which of the Two could make That Fellow Quit his Cloak should carry the Cause. The wind fell presently a Storming, and threw Hail-Shot over and above in the very Teeth of him. The Man Wraps himself up, and keeps Advancing in spight of the Weather: But this Gust in a short Time Blew over; and then the Sun Brake out, and fell to Work upon him with his Beams; but still he Pushes forward, Sweating, and Panting, till in the End he was forc'd to Quit his Cloak, and lay himself down upon the Ground in a Cool Shade for Relief: So that the Sun, in the Conclusion, carry'd the Point."

A version by the learned Chinese Mun Mooy Seen-Shang, translated by his pupil Sloth, is curiously severe and dynamic in its English dress:

"Sun with Wind mutually-wrangled

strong weak both not mutually-yield extremely wished one compare high low unexpectedly saw road-upon travelling-man put-on-had a-cloak hurridly-hastily and coming Sun said wonderful!! wonderful extreme!! you I each self-call great not can divide now coming-man body put-on outside-cloak you I each put-in-force magical-art can cause travell-er put-off clothes he-who does gain with-that mutually wagered the Wind then first put-in-force plans great whirlwind suddenly rose nearly-took travell-er out-side-garment blew-fell. Travell-er by-means-of hand defended-held obtained-escape Wind plans since not could do and come-to Sun make plans cloud-clear sky-empty shining-splendour fierce-er sweat flowed-down two jaws hot-air difficult to-sustain only-could put-off outer-garment therefore Sun was gainer truly!! As world-men in-vain cling-to blood-temper's valor many lead-to have loss con-

trary not as soft-gentle measure strength obtain no unlooked-for-evil."

In our country and to-day the story would run somewhat after the following version. In keeping with a supposed mythopœic sense of the less-developed, it would speak from the mouth of an old-fashioned nurse, probably a black mammy. A reason of mammy's telling it would also be that we feel the south to be the native temperature of the fable. Her story would bring in a bit of egotism, make evident in a very patent way the individuality of the teller—possibly with endeavor to touch up the humor of the tale. It would appeal to the feelings of the listener, stir and warm the heart probably by engrossing details. Its gain or basis of appeal would be through the emotions, would not be mainly intellectual that is to say. Still, underneath our version of this old-time

tale we must find that truth to human life which the ancients always demanded, which the child demands, and we grown-ups, perhaps, in less degree.

Ole Mam Blizzard and Mastah Sunshine

Dat mornin ole Mam Blizzard an Mastah Sunshine had dere quarrel wuz a dreadful contensionin.

Ye see, honey, Mastah Sunshine riz red an sleepy dis mornin I'se a tellin ye about, an he looked to havin it all his own way. Fer a time after sun-up he wuz nigh shakin all de yallow light out of does eyes of hisn. De birds wuz a singin, de flowers wuz a blowin, an de wind wuz as soft as cotton in de boll.

But jess dat minute de folks wuz rubbin dere eyes fer all de glory—puff! puff!! puff!!! came ole Mam Blizzard sailin along on a pack of clouds. An de ole lady pulled a veil over Mastah Sunshine's face quicker 'n you can wink.

Praps you don't know who ole Mam Blizzard is, honey, de ole lady dat rides high as de moon. She's from way far up in Mountany. Way up in de mountains, where de rivers all is ice, Mam Blizzard lives, and all de little Blizzards. De chillun hang up in bags roun de sides o dere ma's cabin.

Who is de Blizzard chilluns' pa? Laws sakes, honey, seems like as if it wuz Mistah Wind-o-Christmas—him dat comes hollerin an tearin down de chimbley. But xactly I disremembers.

But dis mornin I'se tellin ye about, ole Miss Blizzard wuz a ridin high in de air an out for a fracas wif Master Sunshine. Dose two never could agree no way—Mastah Sunshine an Mam Blizzard. Dey's dat contrarious dat where Mastah Sunshine is Mam Blizzard never will abide, an Miss Blizzard bein by Mastah Sunshine 'll never show his face.

Dis yere mornin I'se tellin ye about, Mastah Sunshine sittin over dare in de

sky, he call out sort o laughin like when he see Miss Blizzard, an he say, "I'se stronger dan you is."

"What's dat you says?" cry ole Mam Blizzard, stopin short all a suddin an rubbin her nigh ear with a weeny piece o black cloud, "What's dat you says?"

"I say I'se stronger dan you is," answer Mistah Sunshine, an he wunk an eye at pretty Miss Moon jess gettin to bed behind de hill.

Ole Miss Blizzard wuz mad. "You is stronger, is you?" say she.

"Yes, I is," say Mastah Sunshine.

"Well, we 'll see," say de ole lady settlin down on dem clouds o hern, "Now here, Mastah Sunshine, here is Colonel Lampster's ole black mammy, an declare to goodness she's got on de Colonel's bearskin coat. Now I say to you, Mastah Sunshine," say ole Mam Blizzard, "I say to you, if you can take dat dere coat

off dis yere mammy sooner 'n I can, den you is stronger dan I is."

Mastah Sunshine he stop a minute an thunk, an den he agree to what de ole lady say. An all dis yere time I wuz lopin long de road for to see de doctor on count o my punyin ague.

Sudden like, quicker 'n a lamb can jerk his tail, Mam Blizzard began fer to blow. My gumbo! how she blowed! An spry! an cole! Down she come outn de sky an up she lift one side you pa's ole bear coat. Den dis did n't doin no good, roun she whisk an lift up tother. Den up she stretch her hand under de coat an pull at de collar. Den she go fer de buttons an sack at em, an sack. Den dis yere did n't doin no good, she try an crope inside an almost done freeze me.

But every time Miss Blizzard goes fer dat bearskin, I'se dat chillin dat I pulls it tighter. I don't hanker fer Mam Bliz-

zard, honey. Me an she wuz always mislikin.

Now bumbye, after a powerful pullin an a haulin, an I all de time holdin on to dat coat, Mam Blizzard get roarin mad an begin fer to send bats o ice. She think like I take off dat coat to cover my head, an so she grab it. But I jess dat contrarious dat I turns up the coat tail, an on I goes cantalopin down de road.

So fer nigh a half an hour Mam Blizzard pestered me. De ole lady is prouder dan de queen o Sheeny when she set matchin diamond rings wif King Solomon, an she think o dem chillun of hern way up in Mountany, all hangin up in bags roun de cabin walls, waitin fer dere icecicle icecream, an she did n't want to be beat.

But bumbye Mastah Sunshine he poke out his face a little, an say, say he, "How 's you gettin along, Mam Blizzard?"—an he sort o laugh like.

"It 's a mighty spry nigger, dis yere ole mammy," say Mam Blizzard talkin back over de grey cloud she was hitchin to de top of a cottonwood, "an I don't seem to get dat coat. I 'll try once more howmsoever."

Den de ole lady crope up sly an quiet like, an kind o go zip, an bat me on de north side. Den she go zap, an bat me on de south. Den again she go down under de coat an rack me like de ague. An all de time I jess keep on cagin an holdin faster to dat coat.

By dis time Mam Blizzard wuz clean indiginant, honey. She stop a minute an scowl, an den she onhitch her grey cloud and sail off behind de hickory grove. Seemed like she 'd never speak to nobody.

Den Mistah Sunshine, he try to show how strong he wuz. First he let a wink right square in front. I feels like a waffle fresh from de iron an I onties my head. Den he wunk on one side an I

wuz dat hot I muss plumb onbutton dat coat. He kep a wunkin.

All dis time I 'se cagin long de road, but soon I 'se so done het all over dat I clean took off dat bearskin coat an sit down by de sweetwater spring to cool.

So it wuz dat Mastah Sunshine won over ole Mam Blizzard. He wuz stronger dan de ole lady cordin to what she offered, for he 'd taken you pa's ole bear coat off your ole mammy.

Miss Blizzard wuz so shamed dat she kep away and did n't show her face in dese yere parts fer a coon's age after.

An ever since dat mornin, honey, I 'se been a noticin dat warm is powerfuller dan cole, an de white folks an de black is stronger when dey smiles like Mastah Sunshine dan when day scowls like ole Mam Blizzard.

Take another famous fable and make as simple an English version as the

Greek of the four-line choliambic of Ignatius Diaconus—said by his editor, Müller, to have flourished in the ninth century.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

"In frost time a Grasshopper asked food of an Ant.
The Ant said to him, 'How is it you have n't any?'
'In summer,' he returned, 'I sing shrilly.'
'Dance in winter,' she said, 'do not yearn after food.'"

Our English William Caxton, a voluminous translator, "at Westmynstre In the yere of oure Lorde m.cccc. lxxxiij" made a version of this "Fable of the Ant and of the Sygale" and opened as well as closed its recital with l'envoy.

"It is good to purveye hym self in the somer season of suche thynges wherof he shalle myster and have nede in wynter

season. As thou mayst see by this present fable Of the sygalle whiche in the wynter tyme went and demaunded of the ant somme of her Corne for to ete.

"And thenne the ant sayd to the sygalle, what has thou done al the somer last passed? And the sygalle answered I have songe.

"And after sayd the ante to her. Of my corne shallt not thou none have. And yf thou hast songe alle the somer danse now in wynter.

"And therefore there is one tyme for to doo some labour and werk. And one tyme for to have rest. For he that werketh not ne doth no good shal have ofte at his teeth grete cold and lacke at his nede."

The celebrated Sir Roger tells the same tale in his edition of 1694:

"As the Ants were Airing their Provisions One Winter, Up come a Hungry

Grasshopper to 'em, and begs a Charity. They told him that he should have Wrought in Summer, if he would not have Wanted in Winter. Well, says the Grasshopper, but I was not Idle neither; for I Sung out the Whole Season. Nay then, said they, You shall e'en do Well to make a Merry Year on 't, and Dance in Winter to the Tune you Sung in Summer."

You see it reads with Greek reserve and simplicity notably retained. Like other stories of L'Estrange's book its excellence has kept it a living publication to this day. Yet, now, and in our country, a Southern mammy would tell the fable somewhat after this detailed and abounding fashion:

MISTAH HOP-O-GRASS AN MISS ANT

One summer day Mistah Hop-o-grass sit out in de yard yonder, an he harp powerful loud. Dar he sit playin an

singin from soon after sun-up till de dew wet his whistle at night.

So Mistah Hop-o-grass wuz, an so wuz he goin on, when Miss Ant come a-pullin an a-haulin some kernels of corn out dere in the garden path. Now Miss Ant come from a mighty respectable fambly, honey, an dis yere minute when Mistah Hop-o-grass wuz playin his handsomest, de ole lady's apron strings wuz wet wif sweat.

When Mistah Hop-o-grass see Miss Ant doin fer-sure wuk at de corn kernels, up he fling hisself in de air, light like, an, "Oh, Miss Ant," he say, "why you wuk dis fine summer day? Don't you see de sun is shinin? Stop you wukin an play de flute wif me."

"Yes, Mistah Hop-o-grass," say Miss Ant, "it is a mighty fine summer day, an dat 's de raisin I 's layin up corn for de cole winter day."

When Miss Ant say dat, Mistah Hop-

o-grass laugh and scrape his fiddle all de louder.

So he go on playin all de summer. An Miss Ant she wuk, wuk, haulin craps into de Ant corn bins, milkin de ants' cows an tendin de Ants' chillun. She wus de busiest of all busy pussons.

But bumbye summer got clean spent. Mastah Sunshine nigh forgot to get up in de mornin. De nights wuz long. Mistah Man an Miss Bee an Miss Ant had done stowed away all de craps, an Mistah an Miss Squirrel had put away all de nuts in dere pantry.

Den ole Mam Blizzard turn herself loose, an Andrew Jackson Frost and Mastah Wind-o-Christmas got wukin, an de Blizzard chillun open up all dere ma's feather beds. Folks wuz a-shiverin, an out doors nuthin handy but ice an snow.

When so cole it wuz, Mistah Hop-o-grass got de stummuck-hunger; an he got it bad. He call to mind de warm

summer day when he wuz playin yonder in de garden an Miss Ant wuz layin away de kernels o corn.

"Ah! hah!" say he, an up he spring an off he go, hoppin over de snow to make de ole lady a visit. He think to get there bout de time she 'd be settin de table fer dinner.

When Mistah Hop-o-grass come to Miss Ant's cabin, honey, he knock on de door, an he call, "How d'y do, Miss Ant? How is you fambly? Is dey enjoyin de corn you lay up?"

Now dis yere Miss Ant wuz a mighty particular lady, honey. Dis day she wuz washin de floor more 'n usual scrumptious, cause she wuz goin to have a quiltin bee dat afternoon. When Mistah Hop-o-grass knock an call out, up she got up from her bucket o suds, an she say, say she, "Who's dar? Pears like dat 's you, Mistah Hop-o-grass. What is it you say? Eh?"

"Please, Miss Ant," call Mistah Hop-

o-grass from tother side de door, an his speakin wuz thin fer de hollow in his insides, "Miss Ant, I'se come to see you. Won't you give me some corn to eat?"

Miss Ant, she jus open de door a trifle to see whether Mistah Hop-o-grass wuz as thin as his speakin. De lady wuz a wishin she had more corn 'n just enough for her fambly. But she's obleeged to say, "What wuz you a doin all de summer days, Mistah Hop-o-grass? What wuz you a doin? Eh?"

"Oh, I 'se playin my harp an singin," say Mistah Hop-o-grass tryin to bend his cole legs an make a squeak on his strings, "I 'se playin my banjo an dancin."

"Yes, you 's playin," say Miss Ant. "Settin on a high stalk o grass bendin in de wind, settin on a high stalk o grass bendin in de wind, spittin tobacco juice an playin jews' harp! Dat 's what you 's doin all summer long. Go way now, Mistah Hop-o-grass, go way. I'se

not wukin to lay up corn fer such lazy coots as you. Keep on playin an dancin, Mistah Hop-o-grass, keep on playin till summer time come again."

So den, honey, Miss Ant shet de door of her cabin an go on washin de floor fer de ladies' quiltin bee dat afternoon.

Mistah Hop-o-grass wuz done flabbergasted. He try to dance to warm his legs. An when night come he cuddle hisself in de middle of a sweetgum tree. But his sleep wuz poor his stummuck hollered so loud, an he could n't play his harp, nor sing, fer de pain dat wuz under his apron.

Mistah Hop-o-grass wuz like one o dese yere atheletes, honey, always buzzin bout his muscle, fer his health jus a jumpin an a jumpin, always buildin up plenty o leg, an neveh, in all his capercuttin, doin one stroke of wuk. He wuz, dis Mistah Hop-o-grass, always sittin on de stool o do-nothin. He spoil his muscle

if he wuk. Den he have nothin to buzz about.

Seems like dere's two kinds of muscle, honey, de muscle what God's wuk makes, and de muscle dese yere atheletes gets by never wukin.

If brevity is the soul of the fable, as Lessing reiterates, and its greatest ornament is to have none at all, the darkey mammies are astray. Whatever grace may be of their recounting, it is not concision. And if "the object of the fable is the clear and forcible perception of some moral truth," as the German fabulist further declares, possibly penning the stories of our mammies loses its main end and sets forth bad art. But to those who have listened to such tales their entrancing qualities never fail.

What Lessing, 1729–1781, worked and talked against, and that more than thirty years before Goethe wrote his version of

the mediæval "Reinecke Fuchs," was the endeavor of certain German writers of the eighteenth century to imitate the poetic and expansive and exuberantly vivacious narrative of the French La Fontaine, 1621–1695. The German would stem the sprightly, Frenchifying loquacity his brothers were essaying—which ill-fitted the temper of their Deutsch speech, to say nothing of fidelity to the severity and plainness of the Greek and Latin originals.

Yet these German imitators, as La Fontaine before them, were conscious that the brief, unadorned narratives, the precision and conciseness of Babrius and Phædrus and their later imitators, did not, and would not, please their eighteenth century generation. They saw that with French tact and French taste, and for a modern society demanding grace in its reading, La Fontaine had turned old fables, and the earlier French fabliaux, into the most popular poetry

of his day. He had adapted the old tale of those people who were ancients to the ancients, and had fitted it and made it attractive to his generation, for all years of their life. To-day our conception is often La Fontaine's.

This colloquy concerning tales old as the spirit of literature hardly necessitates inclusion of the famous quarrel which stirred Europe more than two hundred years ago—the strife between ancient and modern literary excellence, a reacting from all-compelling estimates of the Renaissance, a dispute which lives to us in remains such as Jonathan Swift's "Battle of the Books." It may permit, however, the laying alongside differences between methods of ancient folk and a method of to-day.

Literary history is a register of literary forms meeting turns of view in human life. New environment demands and produces new and fresh expression. Every generation hungers for stories

made for it, interpreting its view of life. It wants its tales told in its own way of thinking and feeling, limning in its chosen lines and colors. The ways Caxton, toward the end of the fifteenth century, and Cavalier L'Estrange, at the end of the seventeenth, told our two fables in England, mark a considerable psychical difference. Changes in the affairs of a people, often results of war, evolve new desires and tastes. These literature and art spring forward to satisfy. For instance, in France, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the rise of orders neither priest nor noble, the coming of a part of the people to consciousness of themselves and their worth, the social environment about them and the polity of their times—this caused the rapid development and spread of a gay and folk-humorous compound of the old fable and the novel of that day, the famous racial fabliaux, little realistic tales for common folk, brim-

ming with their spirit, sharply jesting at pretensions of superiors and especially mocking at women. Literature had been a luxury. To read, or even to hear, the telling of many new stories had been most often, as in all feudal societies, for the favored of fortune.

Another instance, and a notable one, of the evolution of new tastes and new demands of literature, is found in an effect of the French Revolution. Half way between that great whirlwind and to-day, a learned Scotchman complained of the appeal to the people that books of his time made—the change in substance from the condensed, sedate and grave to lighter pabulum for the unexercised, less strengthened, less taste-developed mind. The weakness he lamented was in fact the endeavor of writers of the time to meet the populace which eighteenth century pronunciamentos for human rights had made readers. Those peoples' minds were the real thing his close

thinking combated. What would he have said to the watery diffuseness of to-day! —in our democratic land and times when even those who do not think practice the art of writing!

Our ages-old fables go to the very core of human life and manners, as we said in the beginning—to life's primary points of view. They are ethical teachings in each language's genius, smacking of antiquity, preserving foundation morals, and bearing somewhat the force of a race's religion. In this fact, someone has said, is the reason why they run through human history with such astonishing persistence, and, thousands or tens of thousands of years old, adapt themselves to all peoples and scenes, and evince the temperament of every people that essays their re-telling. In whatever colonization a race undertakes go its version of its folk-tales. Like commerce, each nation's fables—each na-

tion's telling of the fables—follow its flag.

Wandering stars in the literary heavens, someone has named the commoner fables. It is true. They move in and out of the constellations of the literature of various peoples, smaller and less sparkling lights, but apparently as enduring, and sometimes shining with as clear a radiance as the very fixed and burning suns of literature.

TOBACCO BATTERED AND PIPES SHATTERED BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER, PURITAN

We Shoot at Manners, Wee would save the Men.

"Tobacco Battered and The Pipes Shattered (about their Ears that idly Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed; at leastwise over-love so loathsome Vanitie;) by a Volley of Hot Shot thundered from Mount Helicon."

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

A little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand . . . and it came to pass . . . that the heaven was black with clouds.

I Kings xviii, 44, 45.

Though many men crack
Some of ale, some of sack
  And think they have reason to do it;
Tobacco hath more
That will never give o'er
  The honor they do unto it.

"Wit's Recreation," 1650.

Learn to smoke slow. The other grace is
To keep your smoke from people's faces.

Punch.

TOBACCO BATTERED AND PIPES SHATTERED BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER, PURITAN

PORTUGUESE folks, wandering in Lisbon gardens about the middle of the sixteenth century, gazed with curiosity upon an herb of which voyagers to the new-found land, America, brought strange tales. Sailors, for instance, such as were with Columbus, and later historians themselves, told how some of the new world people "drank" the smoke of the outlandish growth, inhaling it through the nostrils by means of a hollow, forked cane (shaped like the letter Y) or a straight reed called "tobago," while others rolling it in dried blades of maize, made a firebrand for the mouth. The leaves powdered, report also went,

they snuffed through a tube. Not one tribe had the voyagers found ignorant of such uses.[1]

The herb, the story went on, was veritably "holy," a cure-all for humanity's ills, a precious saver of life and an enhancer of all that life may contain. So it happened that leaves and seeds of this "herba santa," this "herba panacea," Jean Nicot, French ambassador, took from Lisbon gardens, about the year 1560, and sent them as rare and precious things to Catherine de Medici, queen-mother of the French court. Laden with mysterious messages, tobacco came for those times to be the miraculous remedy our mystified, hopeful human kind has ever been seeking and proclaiming[2]—

[1] When the Spaniards discovered the Aztecs of Mexico, they were taking snuff, and one of the Conquistadores tells how, after Montezuma had dined, fair women brought him painted and gilded tubes filled with liquid-amber and tobacco; and the monarch took the smoke into his mouth, and after he had done this a short time, fell asleep.

[2] Other growths have suffered, or enjoyed, like ascriptions. Asparagus, for instance, in what seems

each discovery, whether of the elixir vitæ, elixir of life, of two, three or more centuries ago, or of "vibrations" of to-day, reflecting its time's mental temper and science.

At the time of this first bringing-over of tobacco, peoples of Europe did not know so much of the uses of primitive men as we to-day. They did not know that scented products of the earth—frankincense, cinnamon, balm, camphor, even the very weed to which they were ascribing wonderful cures—mankind had burned "in offering an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord,"[1] to express their gratitude to the Good Giver of Harvests and beg for further blessings—they did not know that for

to have been a revival of its use in Europe, for it was known to the ancient Greeks—asparagus is referred to in an English play, "The Sparagus Garden," acted in Salisbury Court in 1635; "The vertues of the precious plant Asparagus, and what wonder it hath wrought in Burgundy, Almaine, Italy and Languedoc before the herborists had found the skill to plant it here."

[1] Numbers xv, 13.

thousands of years, so far back we have no record of the beginning of the homage, men had offered burnt sacrifices to the Infinite Will compared with whose power they felt their own and their tribe's strength puny. Our European forebears were unaware, we say, that religious feeling initiated tobacco smoking and founded reports of its healing strength; that the strange, red people across the sea smoked to, "incensed," the Great Spirit in fumes of their stone and cane pipes; that they had faith that their medicine-man, by inhaling vapor of the smouldering leaves and falling in the mysterious stupor it induced, gained counsel from a god, and when the people at large took it the dreams of their drunkenness were inspired. For with the Indians smoking served such great occasions as the worship of the Almighty, thanksgiving for harvests, and solemnities of declaring peace and war.

Who brought the weed to our ances-

tors dwelling in England no man knows. One legend says Sir John Hawkins [1] bore it over, and that Captain Richard Grenfield and Sir Francis Drake were in England first planters. Another repeats how Sir Walter Raleigh initiated white men's smoking, and the tale stiffens its testimony by the well-known account—told also by the bye of others of that generation—how the knight's servant, one day finding him puffing at his pipe, cried out that his master was on fire and hastily doused him with ale.

Another story attributes the carrying of tobacco to England to Ralph Lane, first governor of Virginia, in 1585. Early settlers of Virginia began planting the weed, records are clear. It soon became a chief product and even currency

[1] Sir John Hawkins in telling of his first voyage, 18 Oct. 1564–20 Sept. 1565, reports how the natives "with a cane and a earthen cup in the end, with fire, and the dried herbs put together, do suck through the cane the smoke thereof; which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drink."

of the colony. Such a value, and thus established, undoubtedly appealed to popular imagination. In England, at any rate, shortly after the introduction of tobacco smoking, demand for the leaf became great. The rich burned it in silver pipes; the poor in nut shells with a straw stem. Not men alone, women, also, used it—and even children.

Satirists of manners of those times refer to smoking as a fad for those who would do the last smart trick. Ben Jonson, for instance, in "Every Man in His Humor," a play produced in 1598, makes Cob say of Bobadil, "He takes this same filthy, rougish tobacco"; and the braggart captain himself declares: "I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore, it cannot be, but

'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind; so, it makes an antidote, . . . had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy. . . . But I profess myself no quacksalver. Only this much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man."

During the passing of these years while tobacco was making in England the conquest we have glanced, Joshua Sylvester had been growing to manhood, having ventured this life near the "flowery meadows" of Kent in 1563—one year before Shakespeare came to earth. The seriousness of Joshua's career began early, for his parents died when he was of tender growth. But the family was of sterling stock, of the breeding that estimates knowledge and values trained thinking, and a maternal uncle, William Plumbe, saw to it that the child

was well-nurtured and entered at ten under Master Saravia's instruction.[1] Doubtless in those days, on benches of Saravia's school, where not to speak French was to earn the fool's cap at meals, the boy gained foundation of the language, Englishing poems from which he was, in after years, to distinguish himself.

Sylvester's lack of fortune led him, when still a youth, to test his luck in business. And "Marchant Adventurer" he described himself when he was grown to manhood—on the title page of his

[1] Adrian Saravia was a zealous worker in the reformed church in Antwerp and Brussels until religious troubles forced him to carry his family from the continent. He exemplified the notable fact that zeal in education and church reformation in those days went hand in hand. At Southampton he temporarily took up the work common to the intellectual exile, teaching, and became head of the grammar school into which boy Joshua Sylvester entered as a pupil. Afterwards the master went to the divinity chair at Leyden, and later returned to England to become one of the translators of the King James Bible, and, in the words of Izaak Walton, "the happy author of many learned tracts" and the "chief comfort" of the life of Richard Hooker.

translations of French songs, 1591 and 1592, while in his dedication of a second book loyalty to adventure prompted him to declare, "If thou find me poore in Poetrie, remember that is not my profession."

If poetry was at that time not Sylvester's profession, it affected his life more profoundly than mercantile enterprise. To understand his work we have now to go still further afield and speak of an older contemporary of his, Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas, a French poet, who during his life enjoyed a most extensive renown—whose zeal as a Huguenot, after he had left the Roman communion, prompted him, in endeavor to bring to French people knowledge of characters of the Bible and the book's simple Christian teachings, to extended labor on a series of poems. Most notable and complete of this epic was "La Semaine," or "The Week" of the creation of the world—which so pleased the imagination

and taste of his day that it went through thirty editions in six years, and found translations into Latin, German, Spanish, Italian and other languages; and into English by Joshua Sylvester under the title, "Du Bartas—his First Weeke; or, Birth of the World, wherein in Seven Dayes the glorious Worke of The Creation is divinely handled." Religious sentiment was the soul of Du Bartas' poems, the intense, church-reformatory, Huguenot zeal then in France.

In those days French verse moulded more easily than now into English song, and Sylvester leaped into fame as translator of Du Bartas' "Divine Weekes and Workes." "He was admirably qualified for the task. No writer ever ventured to mould the language more freely to his will, coining words, when he did not find them ready minted for his use, introducing new compounds, good, or bad, with equal hardiness. . . . He poured out his verse with force as well as fluency. . . .

There was a sweetness in the general flow which deservedly entitled him"[1] to Anthony à Wood's report that he was usually called by the poets of his time "Silver-tongued Sylvester."

Through such a history Sylvester became the most popular poet of England in the reign of James the First. Undoubtedly a reason of his popularity lay in the religious ardor that distinguished his works—the ardor which was in him by gift of nature and in the works he had most sympathetically translated. He was a Puritan. A famous favorer of Puritanism, Bishop Joseph Hall, bears out these conclusions of ours when addressing Sylvester:

"I Dare confesse, of Muses more than Nine,
Nor list, nor can I envie none, but thine.
She, drench't alone in Sion's sacred Spring,
Her Maker's praise hath sweetly chose to sing,
And reacheth nearest th' Angels notes above,
Nor lists to sing, or Tales, or Wars, or Love."

[1] Quoted from Robert Southey.

In citing one witness after another, as we have just been doing, we are sensible that we run the risk of losing the outline of our subject in fragmentary detail. But in bringing back and brushing clear of the dust of centuries such a character as Sylvester's, one so little upborne and floated by light, histrionic qualities, one so sound, so profound in values, scraps of reports are most important. And they are all we have. We must labor as one who builds up a vase from unearthed shards and endeavors to decipher forgotten legends painted upon them. Pen fragments of those who saw the man, and could be trusted to understand him, or those who heard at first hand of what he had done, are our best aids.

This poet, Sylvester, wrote Anthony à Wood, "was much renowned by his most virtuous fame, and by those of his profession, and such that admire poetry, esteemed a saint on earth, a true Nathaniel, a Christian Israelite . . . re-

ligious in himself and family and courageous to withstand adversity."

"Queen Elizabeth had a respect for Sylvester," further says Wood, "King James a greater, and Prince Henry greatest of all." The prince was declaredly "Puritanic" and made Sylvester his first poet-pensioner.[1] Another of Sylvester's patrons and friends was Anthony Bacon, elder brother of the renowned Francis, and so close a follower of the Puritans that he lived long on the continent, a trusted servant of Elizabeth and on intimate terms with Beza and other Protestant leaders.

Sylvester "was very pious and sober" continues Wood. "But this must be

[1] Preserved among the items of "anuyties" expended at the instance of the prince is this: "Mr. Silvester at XX. l, per ann. for twoe years XL." The poet testifies to this patronage in an elegy entitled "Lachrymae Lachrymarum, or the Distillation of Teares shede for the untymely Death of the Incomparable Prince Panaretus" (all-virtuous), written when the heir-apparent died in Nov. 1612;

"This losse (alas!) which unto all belongs. . . .
But more than most, to Mee, that had no Prop
But Henry's Hand, and, but for Him, no hope."

known, that he taking too much liberty upon him to correct the vices of the times . . . suffered several times some trouble, and thereupon it was, as I presume, that his step-dame country did ungratefully cast him off and became most unkind to him."

"At length this eminent poet," further says Wood, "J. Sylvester (a name worthily dear to the age he lived in) died at Middleburg in Zeland on the 28th of Sept., 1618, aged fifty-five; and had this epitaph following made on him by his great admirer, Joh. Vicars[1] . . .

[1] This John Vicars may be he of whom Wood bears testimony, "he was a most admirable linguist, and the best for the oriental tongues in his time." The name, John Vicars, appears, it has been noted, in original proposals for printing the Polyglot Bible, as one of the persons to prepare copy, correct the press and otherwise manage that work.

Vicars also wrote other verses on Sylvester;

"Whose Life and Labours have few Equalls knowne,
Whose Sacred-Layes his Browes with Bayes have bound,
And, Him, his Ages Poet-Laureate crowned,
Whom Envy (scarce) could hate; Whom All admired,
Who Liv'd beloved and a Saint expired."

but I think it was not put over his grave":

"Here lyes (Death's too-rich Prize) the Corps interred
Of Joshua Sylvester, Du Bartas Peer:
A Man of Arts best Parts, to God, man, deer;
In foremost Rank of Poets best preferred."[1]

In a volume of Sylvester's works printed a few years after his death, the printer-publisher speaks of "the issue of

[1] Death found Sylvester, however, still destined to do notable work. His strength in translating Du Bartas, and venturing to mould English freely, in all probability incited Milton to his great story. Milton was ten when Sylvester died. The older poet's couplets must have sung appealingly to the finely tuned ear of the boy—"a poet at ten," says John Aubrey. The very printing of Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, editions appearing through years, was not far from where Milton dwelt with his father. If we lay Sylvester's and Milton's work alongside, we can not escape conclusions that the scriptural themes Sylvester had sung in English couplets and placed before Milton when a boy—for which, too, the older poet had helped prepare and educate public taste—we can not escape conclusion that the intense conviction, the imagination and ambition of Milton matured, consciously seized for subject of his song what had been most popular and applauded in his boyhood.

that divine Wit" both challenging time and outwearing it. And more than one hundred and sixty years later, in 1796, *The Gentleman's Magazine* tells that Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas' "Divine Weekes and Workes" was more common than any volume of English verse of the first part of the seventeenth century. Strange! you exclaim. And why did the confessedly most popular poet of the first half of the seventeenth century so wholly perish in his appeal to later generations? One reason is that Milton's genius had outshone the older man's. Another reason lies in reactions in politics and in religious and ethical ideals. These often direct literary taste. We have Anthony à Wood dwelling on Sylvester's piety and sobriety of mind—saying he was inflamed with that religious ardor which carries its principles into affairs of life—"taking liberty upon him to correct the vices of the times . . . he suffered trouble." Intense conviction

and stalwart adherence to conviction were not uncommon in practices of his time. But later Stuarts made them unfashionable and nullified by ridicule. Stuart influence debased English ethical estimates; effects of which influence long survived the Stuarts' hold upon the English throne. Dryden, who in earlier years expressed admiration for Sylvester, echoes the change when, after addressing himself to royal will, he termed Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas "abominable fustian."[1]

[1] Ben Jonson's sonnet "To Mr. Joshus Silvester" may be here worth quoting;

"If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:
But as it is, (the child of ignorance,
And utter stranger to all air of France,)
How can I speak of thy great pains, but err?
Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold! the reverend shade of Bartas stands
Before my thought, and, in thy right, commands
That to the world I publish for him, this:
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the translation thought,
Thine the original; and France shall boast,
No more those maiden glories she hath lost.

Sylvester had, we say, after the manner of Puritans, carried his religious ardor and its supporting principles into everyday affairs of life. His work evidences this. For instance, at the end of his laborious translation of Du Bartas' extended works are subscribed these intense lines translated from the fifth of the Quadrains of Pibrac:

"Say not My Hand This Work to End hath brought,
Nor, This my Virtue hath attained to:
Say rather thus, This God by mee hath wrought,
GOD'S Author of the little Good I doe."

A characteristic religious ardor we find in Sylvester's independent poems. It warms in his "All's not Gold that Glisters" to a large and beautiful definition of religion:

"Reverend RELIGION, where's the heart
That entertaines thee as thou art,
Sincerely, for thine own respect?

Where is the Minde, Where is the Man,
May right be call'd a Christian;
  Not formall, but in true effect?

"Who, fixing all his Faith and Hope
On God alone, from sacred Scope
  Of his pure Statutes will not stray;
Who comes in Zeal and Humblenesse,
With true and hearty Singlenesse,
  Willing to walk the perfect Way:

"Who loves, with all his Soule and Minde,
Almighty God, All-Wise, All-kinde,
  All-whole, All-Holy, All-sufficing:
Who but One onely God adores
(Though Tyrants rage, and Satan rores)
  Without digressing, or disguising:

"Who God's due Honour hath not given
To Other things, in Earth or Heav'n;
  But bow'd and vow'd to Him alone;
Him onely serv'd with filiall Awe,
Pleas'd and delighted in his Law,
  Discoursing Day and Night thereon:

"Not, not for Forme, or Fashion sake,
Or, for a Time, a Show to make,
  Others the better to beguile:

Nor it, in Jest, to wrest or cite;
But in his heart it deep to write,
And work it with his hands the-while;

"Loving his neighbour as himselfe,
Sharing to him his Power, his Pelfe,
His Counsel, Comforts, Coats and Cates:
Doing in all things to his Brother,
But as Himselfe would wish from Other,
Not Offring Other what hee hates:

"Whose Heart, inclin'd as doth behove-it,
Unlawfully doth nothing covet
(To any an offence to offer):
But, just and gentle towards all,
Would rather (unto great, or small)
Than doe one wrong, an hundred suffer:

"Not thirsting Others Land or Life;
Nor neighing after Maid or Wife;
Nor ayming any Injury;
Neither of polling, nor of pilling,
Neither of cursing, nor of killing,
Neither of Fraud, nor Forgerie;

"But will confess, if he offend,
Relent, Repent, and soon amend,
And timely render Satisfaction.

Sure, his RELIGION is not fained,
Who doth and hath him Thus demeaned;
Ay, deadly hating Evill-action.

Sylvester's profound religious feeling again rises to rolling organ tones at the end of the poet's "Little Bartas":

"Supernall Lord, Eternal King of Kings,
Maker, Maintainer, Mover of all things,
How infinite! How excellently rare!
How absolute! Thy works, Thy wonders are!
How much their knowledge is to be desir'd!
How THOU, in all, to be of all admir'd!"

Religion and reformatory zeal inflamed Sylvester. That is clear. Like sentiments must have prompted his great skit on tobacco. Smoking, we have seen, had become fashionable in England during the years Sylvester was schooling and merchant-adventuring. To smoke was to do the last smart trick; and men and women and children essayed it. Then, too, there were shallow-brained, solemn-faced people proclaiming the weed's

curative powers. Dramatists Dekker, Thomas Heywood and others, and also Edmund Spenser in his "Faerie Queen," had referred to the herb—oftenest in laudation. Sir John Beaumont, when only nineteen, 1602, had told in even couplets of "The Metamorphosis of Tobacco," addressing his "loving friend Master Michael Drayton":

"Let me the sound of great Tabaccoes praise
A pitch above those love-sicke Poets raise:
Let me adore with my thrice-happie pen
The sweete and sole delight of mortall men,
The *cornu-copia* of all earthly pleasure,
Where bank-rupt Nature hath consum'd her treasure!
A worthie plant springing from Floraes hand,
The blessed offspring of an uncouth land!
Breath-giving herbe! none others I invoke
To help me paint the praise of sugred smoke."

Such were early praises of tobacco. But already reaction had set in. Opposition to the "sugred smoke" developed, and a stand against "this imita-

tion of the manners of savage people." William Camden voiced this in saying that by smoking English folk would degenerate—"Anglorum corpora in barbarorum degenerasse videantur." And outside England, in other countries, hatred of tobacco was prohibiting it as an abomination; a pope or two even issuing decrees against its use in churches. The wheel of fortune had turned. The so-called first smoker in England, Sir Walter Raleigh, was himself finally passing sombre years in prison under sentence of death for conspiracy.[1]

This evolving antagonism found its first notable outbreak in "A Counter-Blaste to Tobacco" published in the year 1604, and written by the King of Eng-

[1] James' hatred of tobacco, it has been said, hastened Raleigh's execution in 1618. Raleigh "hoped to perswade the world that he dyed an innocent man," wrote Dr. Robert Tounson, Dean of Westminster, having been commanded by Lords of the Council "to sett downe the manner of his death"; that day Raleigh "eate his breakfast hertily, and tooke tobacco."

land. James' "Blaste" dimmed somewhat of the glorious story enveloping the "herba panacea"—even if it fanned pipes to flame in protest. The king not only wrote his great skit, he otherwise emphasized his aversion by imposing on tobacco a heavy tax, and, when English farmers began to grow the herb, added a law against "to misuse and misemploy the soil of this fruitful kingdom."

"Our Peace hath bred wealth:"[1] wrote James: "And Peace and wealth hath brought foorth a generall sluggishnesse, which makes us wallow in all sorts of idle delights, and soft delicacies. . . . There cannot be a more base, and yet hurtfull corruption in a Countrey, then is the vile use (or other abuse) of taking Tobacco."

"Omnipotent power of Tobacco!" . . . "Many in this kingdom have had such a continuall use of taking this un-

[1] Spelling and capitals in these excerpts follow an old edition.

saverie smoke, as now they are not able to forbeare the same, no more than an olde drunkard can abide to be long sober, without falling into an incurable weaknesse and evill constitution. . . . It is, as you use or rather abuse it, a branche of the sinne of drunkenesse. . . . You are not able to ride or walke the journey of a Jewes Sabboth, but you must have a reekie cole brought you from the next poore house to kindle your Tobacco with. . . .

"And for the vanities committed in this filthie custome, is it not both great vanitie and uncleanenesse, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanlinesse, of modestie, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing Tobacco pipes, and puffing of the smoke of Tobacco one to another, making the filthie smoke and stinke thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the aire, when very often, men that aborrre it are at their repast? . . .

"And is it not a great vanitie, that a

man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must bee in hand with Tobacco? . . . he that will refuse to take a pipe of Tobacco among his fellowes . . . is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they doe with tippeling in the cold Easterne Countries. . . .

"Moreover, which is great iniquitie, and against all humanitie, the husband shall not bee ashamed, to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and cleane complexioned wife, to that extremitie, that either shee must also corrupt her sweete breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetuall stinking torment."

Tobacco-smoking, declared King James, is "a custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, . . . and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse."

"Such is the force of that naturall

Self-love in every one of us," continued the King, "and such is the corruption of envie bred in the brest of every one, as we cannot be content unlesse we imitate everything that our fellowes doe, and soe proove ourselves capable of everything whereof they are capable, like Apes, counterfeiting the maners of others, to our owne destruction . . . the generall good liking and imbracing of this foolish custome, doeth but onely proceede from that affectation of noveltie, and popular errour."

King James made plain the royal detestation of tobacco. A simple Puritan subject of his, Joshua Sylvester, had like hatred of "the soveraine weede," and he, too, put forth a protest in "Tobacco Battered and The Pipes Shattered (about their Ears that idly Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed; at least-wise over-love so loathsome Vanitie;) by a Volley of Hot Shot thundered from Mount Helicon." When the poem was

published is not clear. Lines in it would show that it followed James' "Counter-Blaste":

"When Our Alcides (though at Peace with men,
At War with Vices) as His armed Pen, . . .
Hath, as with Arrowes, from His sacred Sides,
All-ready chac't These stinking Stymphalides". . .[1]

Sylvester's seizure by intense conviction and his courage in endeavoring to correct vices of his time, his profound religious feeling—these characteristics of his must now have buoyed him. Excesses in what he termed a lately imported custom of savages, self-indulgences that led his brothers to destruction, stirred him. "We Shoot at Manners," he cried, "Wee would save the

[1] The volumes from which these lines, the foregoing quotations from Sylvester, and the excerpts following were made, were printed in London in 1633 and 1641. Their frequent italics are omitted, but spelling and capitals are kept; and punctuation, so far as possible.

Men." Those who read the poem can not doubt the writer's moral earnestness, his genuine and devoted ardor to work reform. His ethics are undeniably sincere and lofty.

To-day our first thought may be that the wit of the verse is stronger than we, ourselves, discover. Yet such was in the mouth, and flowed in the ink, of Marlowe, Green, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Drayton. Those people talked straight forward. They were not apt at vague abstractions and at calling up a haze. They did not use analytic, scientific, Greek and Latin words, in which practical, racy thought is often fog-bound to-day. Terse, homely phrase, smacking of the soil, was their wont. In such Sylvester makes clear his message. A native quaintness and individual tang are in every couplet. Indulging whimsicalities, his fantasy takes on added warmth and his spirit bears fresh evidence of conviction.

Growls of this stern old English Puritan appeal with double force to those of us of to-day who believe in our right not to be smoked—who believe in the personal liberty which refuses to permit another to force stale, nauseating smoke into mouths and lungs clean and innocent of their use. To-day an American citizen walking our streets, and even in our parks, our post-offices and other public buildings, has small chance for sanitary clear air. A misguided boy is apt to be before him puffing at a poison-loaded cigarette, or, at his hand an alien with a pipe or "brand," the offence of which smells to heaven.

"Needs must I band against the needless Use
Of Don Tobacco and his foule abuse:
Which (though in Inde it be an Herbe indeed)
In Europe is no better than a Weed;
Which, to their Idols, Pagans sacrifice,
And Christians (heer) doe wel-nigh Idolize:
Which taking, Heathens to the Divels bow

Their Bodies; Christians even their Soules do vow. . . .
Two smoakie Engines, in this latter Age
(Satans short Circuit; the more sharp his rage.)
Have been invented by too-wanted Wit,
Or rather, vented from th' Infernall Pit,
Guns and Tobacco-pipes, with Fire and Smoak;
(At least) a Third part of Mankind to choak:
(Which happely, th' Apocalyps fore-told)
Yet of the Two, Wee may (think I) be bold,
In som respects, to think the Last, the Worst,
(How-ever Both in their Effects accurst.)
For, Guns shoot from-ward, only at their Foen;
Tobacco-Pipes, home-ward, into their Owne
(When, for the Touch-hole, firing the wrong end,
Into ourSelves the Poysons force wee send);
Those, in the Field, in brave and hostile manner;
These, Cowardly, under a Covert Banner:
Those, with Defiance, in a Threatful Terror;
These, with Affiance, in a wilfull Error:
Those (though loud roaring, goaring deep, quick ridding)

These, stilly stealing, longer Languors breeding:
Those, full of pain (perhaps) and fell despight:
These, with false Pleasure, and a seem-delight
(As Cats with Mice, Spiders with Flies) full rife,
Pipe-playing, dallying, and deluding Life.

"Who would not wonder, in these Sunny-Dayes
(So bright illightned with the GOSPEL'S Rayes)
Whence so much Smoak, and deadly Vapours com,
To dim and damne so much of Christendome?
But, wee must ponder too, These daies are Those
Wherein the Divell was to be let lose;
And yawning broad Gate of that black Abyss
To be set ope, whose bottom bound-lesse is;
That Satan, destin'd, evermore to dwell
In Smoakie Fornace of that darkesom Cell,
In Smoak and darkness, might inure and train
His Own deer Minions, while they heer remain. . . .

"Then, in Despite, who-ever dare say Nay,
TOBACCONISTS, keep-on your course: you may,
If you continue in your Smoakie Ure,
The better far Hell's sulph'ry Smoak endure;
And heerin (as in All your other Evill)
Grow neerer still and liker to the Divell:
Save that the Divell (if hee could revoke)
Would flee from filthy and unhealthy Smoak:
Wherein (cast out of Heave'n for hellish pride)
Unwilling Hee, and forced, doth abide:
Which, heerin worse than hee (the worst of Ill)
You long-for, lust-for, ly-for, dy-for still.
For, as the Salamander lives in Fire,
You live in smoak, and without smoak expire.

"Should it be question'd (as right well it may)
Whether Discovery of AMERICA
That New-Found World, have yeelded to our Old
More Hurt or Good: Till fuller Answer should
Decide the Doubt, and quite determine it,
Thus for the present might wee answer fit: . . .

"But true it is, wee had this Trash of
Theirs,
Only in Barter of our broken Wares.
Ours, for the most part, carried out but sin;
And, for the most part, brought but Ven-
geance in: . . .
They carried Avarice, and Gold they got:
They carried Bacchus and TOBACCO brought.
Alas, poor Indians! that, but English, None
Could put them down in their owne Trade
alone! . . .

"Of All the Plants that Tellus bosom
yeelds,
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, moun-
tains, fields,
None so pernicious to Man's Life in knowne,
As is TOBACCO, saving Hemp alone.
Betwixt which Two there seems great Sym-
pathy
To ruinate poor Adam's Progeny:
For, in them Both, a strangling vertue note,
And both of them doe work upon the Throte;
The one, within it; and without, the other;
And th' one prepareth Work unto the tother.
For There doe meet (I meen at Gail and Gal-
lowes)

More of these beastly, base Tobacco-Fellowes, . . .
Sith 'tis their common Lot (so double-choaked)
Just Bacon-like, to be hang'd up and smoaked:
A Destiny, as proper to befall
To morall Swine, as to Swine naturall.

"Now, my first Puff shall but repell th' ill favour
Of Place and Persons (of debauscht behaviour)
Where 'tis most frequent: Second, shew you will,
How little Good it doth: Third, how great Ill.
'Tis vented most in Taverns, Tippling-cots,
To Ruffians, Roarers, Tipsie-Tostie Pots;
Whose Custom is, between the Pipe and Pot,
(Th' one Cold and Moist, the other dry and Hot)
To skirmish so (like Sword and Dagger-fight)
That 'tis not easie to determine right,
Which of their Weapons hath the Conquest got
Over their Wits; the Pipe, or else the Pot.

Yet 'tis apparent, and by proof express,
Both stab and Wound the Brain with Drunkenness:
For even the Derivation of the Name
Seems to allude and to include the same:
TOBACCO, as τω βακχω, one would say;
To (Cup-god) Bacchus dedicated ay. . . .

"O Great TOBACCO! greater than Great Can,
Great Turke, Great Tartar, or Great Tamberlan!
With Vulturs wings Thou haste (and swifter yet
Than an Hungarian Ague, English Sweat)
Through all Degrees, flown far, nigh, up and down;
From court to cart; from Count to country Clown,
Not scorning Scullions, Coblers, Colliers,
Jakes-farmers, Fidlers, Ostlers, Oysterers,
Roagues, Gypsies, Players Pandars, Punks, and All
What common Scums, in common-Sewers fall.
For, all, as Vassals, at thy beck are bent,
And breathe by Thee, as their new Element.
Which well may prove thy Monarchy the Greater;

Yet prove not Thee to be a whit the better;
But rather Worse: for, Hell's wide-open Road
Is easiest found, and by the Most still trod! . . .
"If then Tobacconing be good: How is 't,
That lewdest, loosest, basest, foolishest,
The most unthrifty, most intemperate,
Most vitious, most debauscht, most desperate,
Pursue it most: The Wisest and the Best
Abhor it, shun it, flee it, as the Pest. . . .

"My second Puff, is Proof How little Good
This Smoak hath don (that ever heer I cou'd).
For, first, there's none that takes Tobacco most,
Most usually, most earnestly can boast
That the excessive and continuall use
Of this dry Suck-at ever did produce
Him any Good, Civill, or Naturall,
Or Morall Good, or Artificiall:
Unless perhaps they will alledge, it drawes
Away the Ill which still it Self doth cause.
Which course (meethinks) I can not liken better
Than to an Usurer's kindness to his Debter;
Who under shew of lending, still subtracts
The Debters Owne, and then his own exacts;
Till at the last hee utterly confound-him,

Or leave him worse and weaker than he found-
him. . . .

"My Third and last Puff points at the great
Evill
This noisom Vapour works through wily
divell;
If we may judge: if knowledge may be had
By their Effects, how things be good or
bad. . . .
For, first of all, it falls on his Good-name;
And so be-smears, and so be-smoaks the same,
That never after scarce discerned is 't,
Rare good Report of a TOBACCONIST: . . .

"For, if a Swearer or a Swaggerer,
A Drunkard, Dicer, or Adulterer,
Prove a TOBBACCONIST, it is not much:
'Tis sutable, 'tis well beseeming Such: . . .

"But, let it be of any truly said,
Hee's great, religious, learned, wise or staid;
But hee is lately turn'd TOBACCONIST:
O! what a Blur! what an Abatement is
't! . . .

"It ill beseems a Church, Colledge or Court,
Or any place of any civill sort:

It fits Blasphemers, Ruffians, Atheists,
Dam'd Libertines, to be TOBACCONISTS:
Not Magistrates, not Ministers, not Schollers,
(Who are, or should be, sins severe Comptrollers)
Nor any wise and sober personage,
Of Gravity, of Honesty, of Age. . . .

"Next the Good-name, now let the Body show
What wrongs to it from our Tobacco flow:
For, as That is Man's baser Part indeed,
It is most basely handled by this Weed. . . .

"But the most certain and apparent Ill
Is an Ill Habit which doth haunt them still;
Transforming Nature from her native Mould:
For, Custom wee another Nature hold.
And this vile Custom is so violent,
And holds his Customers at such a Bent,
That tho thereby more hurt than good they doubt:
To die for it, they can not live without. . . .
Yet doth the Custom (as wee likewise finde)
Dis-nerve the Bodie, and dis-apt the Mind.

"First, in the Intellect, it d' outs the Light,
Darkens the House, th' understandings Sight; . . .

"Next it decayes and mars the Memorie,
And brings it to strange Imbecillitie. . . .

"Touching th' Affections, they are tyr'd no
lesse
By this fell Tyrants insolent Excesse: . . .
Makes men more sudden, and more heed-less
heady,
More sullen sour, more stubbornely-unsteady,
More apt to wrath, to wrangle, and to braule;
To give and take a Great offence, for
Small. . . .

"But, if they say, that sometimes, taking it,
The Minde is fre'ed from some instant Fit
Of Anger, Griefe, or Feare; Experience tells
It is but like some of our Tooth-ake Spells,
Which for the present seem to ease the Pain,
But after, double it with more Rage again;
Because a little, for the time, it drawes,
But leaves behinde the very Root and Cause.

"Lastly, the Conscience (as it is the best)
This Indian Weed doth most of all molest;
Loading it daily with such Weight of Sin,
Whereof the least shall at the last com-in
To strict Account: the Losse of precious hours
Neglect of God, of Good, of Us, of Ours:

Our ill Example, prodigall Excess,
Vain words, vain Oaths, Dice, Daring, Drunkenness,
Sloath, Jesting, Scoffing, turning Night to Day,
And Day to Night; Disorder, Disaray;
Places of Scorn and public Scandall hanting;
Persons of base and beastly Life frequenting. . . .
This is the Rendez-vous, These are the Lists,
Where doe encounter most TOBACCONISTS. . . .

"The Last and least of all TOBACCO-harms,
Is to the Purse: which yet it so becharms,
That Juggler-like it jests-out all the Pelf,
And makes a Man a Pick-purse to himselfe. . . .

"How juster will the Heav'nly God
Th' Eternall, punish with infernall Rod:
In Hell dark Fornace (with black Fumes to choak)
Those, that on Earth will still offend in Smoak?
Offend their Friends, with a Most un-Respect:
Offend Wives and Children, with Neglect:
Offend the Eyes, with foule and loathsom spawlings:

Offend the Nose, with filthy Fumes exhalings:
Offend the Eares, with loud lewd Execrations:
Offend the Mouth, with ugly Excreations:
Offend the Sense, with stupefying Sense:
Offend the Weake, to follow their Offence:
Offend the Body, and offend the Minde:
Offend the Conscience in a fearefull kinde.
Offend their Baptisme, and their Second Birth:
Offend the Majestie of Heav'n and Earth.

"Woe to the World because of such Offences;
So voluntaire, so voyd of all pretences
Of all Excuse (save Fashion, Custome, Will)
In so apparent, proved, granted, Ill.
Woe, woe to them by Whom Offences come;
So scandalous to All our CHRISTENDOM."

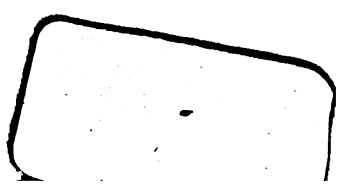
FINIS

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

JAN 15 1917

APR 25 1917

form 410

JAN 8 1917